

APRIL 1971

Coronet



The Dramatic Story of How
**WE ARE LICKING
CHILDHOOD DISEASES**

How to Know When You Have
Really Found God

A Scientific 60-Minute Pregnancy Test

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Living beauty at Easter...



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Say it with
Flowers-By-Wire

As gently as cathedral chimes, your Flowers-By-Wire carry your Easter message of devotion to those you cherish. Your F.T.D. Florist *guarantees* delivery worldwide, telegraph-fast. Be sure the shop you choose displays the famous MERCURY EMBLEM.

Phone or Visit Your F.T.D. Florist

Florists' **T**elegraph **D**elivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan



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How we retired in 15 years with \$300 a month

We're having a wonderful time, Betty and I. We enjoy our home. Summers we take trips. And it's all thanks to a check for \$300 that comes every month!

I was only 40 when Betty began to worry about our future. "You're going to want to slow up in a few years," she'd say. And I'd laugh, because I felt fine. "Well, I still have 15 good earning years ahead of me," I'd answer.

But one day she stopped me. She asked me how much I'd earn in the next 15 years—not counting raises. I did some quick arithmetic, multiplying my salary by 15. It ran into *six figures*! I grinned.

Betty wasn't impressed. "How much of that do you think we'll save?" she asked. I had to be honest. We were always paying off on a new car, or going places. "A few thousand," I admitted. "That's just our trouble," she said. "We can't seem to save. That's why you ought to take out one of those retirement income plans. *And now.*"

I looked into the subject and discovered the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. All I needed was to start in time. With a Phoenix Mutual Plan, I could get a check for \$300 a month for life, starting in 15 years, when I reached 55. I applied immediately and qualified.

The big day came, 15 years later, when our first Phoenix Mutual monthly check for \$300 arrived. *I retired.* Now Betty and I are having the time of our lives—with no money worries.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$100 to \$300 a month or more—starting at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail and without charge, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't delay. Send for your copy now.



Copyright 1956, By Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company

PLAN FOR MEN	PLAN FOR WOMEN
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Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.	
Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐	
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Date of Birth _____	
Business Address _____	
Home Address _____	

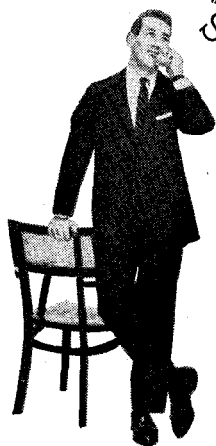
"I miss you"

"Good to hear your voice"

"Welcome Home"

"Happy Birthday"

"See you this evening"



These simple, friendly words are said many, many times over the telephone each day.

It is just such simple, friendly words from one person to another that make the telephone such an important part of our lives.

Surely it is indispensable in emergencies. But its greater value may be in carrying friendship and love and happiness across the miles.

For without the telephone, time and space would rush between us. And many of us would be so much alone.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Dear Reader:

There's a kind of sorcery in April. Spring begins to spin its web of magic—stirring and quickening not only green growing things, but the spirits of people as well. Far places beckon, travel folders sprout in dashboard compartments of the family car, and adventure's around the corner. If this mood is on you, you'll thoroughly enjoy "Take the Back Roads!" (page 87), in which author Norman Carlisle reveals the delights awaiting the motorist who detours.

You'd go far to find a better qualified authority: Mr. Carlisle and his wife are not only our most prolific writing team, but also our most traveled. Native Middle Westerners, they're footloose and glory in it—and this despite five youngsters. Family intact, they've managed to drive almost everywhere and live almost everywhere in the United States—in and around New York, in the Colorado Rockies, in the sand dunes of Lake Michigan, on a lush Florida island, in the deserts of the Southwest. "Our hobby is collecting places," confesses Mr. Carlisle. "We'd be happiest in a tent which we could fold up and silently steal away whenever we're moved to do so." Mrs. Carlisle adds, "People seem to be quite taken aback by our frequent ignoring of orthodox schooling for the children, but somehow they get along just fine between schools with our tutoring. And do you know, it's loads of fun to go through geometry again?"

As for their writing—rare is the Coronet issue that hasn't a Carlisle piece—Mrs. Carlisle describes it succinctly: "Norman puts the words down and I cross them out." We suspect there's a lot more to it than that, but we can't reach the Carlises to find out—at the moment they're somewhere between Lost Valley and Echo Mountain, combining romance and isosceles triangles, and very happy at it, too.

The Editors



A Carlisle prescription: "Detour for fun"



The seven carefree Carlises—travelers all

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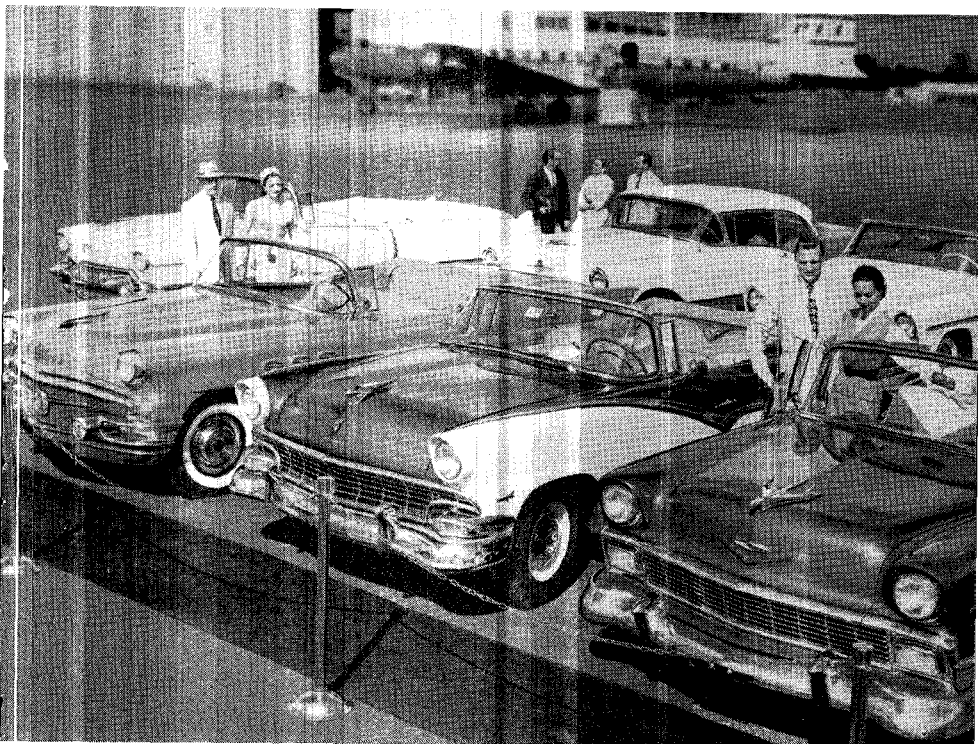


4 out of 5 cavities strike your back teeth

That's why the famous *angle* in the Squibb Angle Toothbrush is so valuable and important to you. It helps you BRUSH BETTER IN BACK, as well as in front, because it's the same scientific angle as in your dentist's mirror! (Ten different types—use the one that suits you best.)

SQUIBB quality
... the priceless
ingredient

SQUIBB. ANGLE TOOTHBRUSH



Mainstays of the Hertz rental fleet. Front row (left to right)—Buick, Ford, Chevrolet. Back row—Cadillac, Oldsmobile, Plymouth

Why does Hertz — world's largest rental fleet — use Champion Spark Plugs?

Operating 15,500 cars and 15,000 trucks, Hertz wants the most power and the most miles per gallon . . . so Hertz uses full-firing Champions!

You can bet that Hertz, world's largest rental fleet, knows all about spark plug performance and value!

Hertz has put spark plugs through the world's toughest road tests. The fact that Hertz uses 5-rib Champions speaks for itself!

Whatever you drive — Chevrolet, Ford, Plymouth or any other car — take a tip from Hertz and use Champion Spark Plugs. You'll feel the difference in faster starts, quicker response, more miles per gallon, when you get 5-rib Champions!

CHAMPION

LOOK FOR THE 5 RIBS



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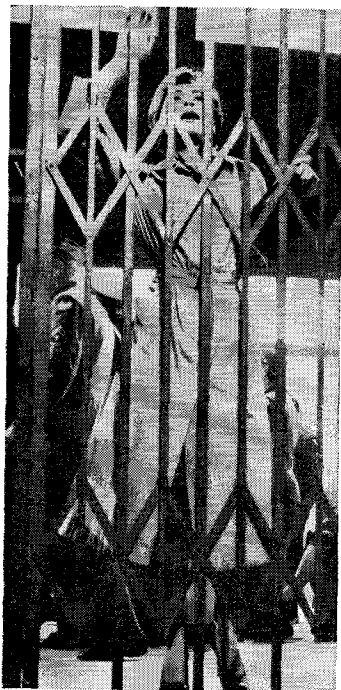
MOVIES *continued*

Two French Girls Named Gaby

ANYTHING GOES (*Paramount*) presents four solid entertainers—Bing Crosby, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor and French ballet star Jeanmaire (*left, as Gaby Duval*)—in a lively comedy of errors splashed with Cole Porter tunes, nimble dance routines.

GABY (*MGM*). Leslie Caron, forsaking dancing roles for more dramatic parts, and John Kerr shine in this remake of *Waterloo Bridge*, a poignant love story of a French ballerina and a U.S. paratrooper in war-battered London.

—MARK NICHOLS

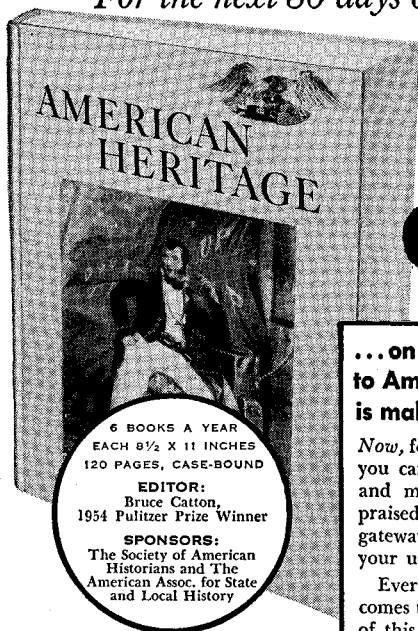


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YOU

And all about you; facts and fancies ranging from pigeon toes in infants to retirement blues in oldsters

by WILLIAM PETERS

RETIREMENT BLUES: Scared by dire prophecies that most men who retire go into mental and physical tailspins? 'Tain't true. Professors Streib and Thompson, of Cornell University, report that of a large group of men who have retired since 1952 (many against their wishes) the majority are now quite happy about the whole thing. Only one-sixth of the ones who thought they'd like it have found it dissatisfactory. Eye-opening sidelight: one important reason given for their original fear of retirement—dread of "spending all my time with just my wife." Apparently for most that wasn't as bad as anticipated.



FOOT RULE: You can prevent your child from being pigeon-toed or having flat feet if you start early enough. Dr. Joseph H. Kite, of Emory University School of Medicine, believes these deformities result from sleeping habits developed in the first four months of life. Pigeon-toes come from sleeping in the knee-chest position, hips high, weight on the feet. Flat feet result from sleeping on the abdomen with legs in a frog, or spread-eagle, position. Recipe for good feet: start good habits by encouraging baby to sleep on his side. Add pillow against shoulder and hip for support. Flip after each feeding.



OLD DOG: NEW TRICKS: There's a widely accepted theory that your personality doesn't change as you grow up. However, Dr. E. Lowell Kelly, of the University of Michigan, holds that we do change—and quite radically. He reports that both men and women tend, as they grow older:

- 1) to become more masculine
- 2) to place higher values on religion
- 3) to make "surprising" changes in their attitudes toward political parties, religious groups, social movements.

*You don't have to lift
a finger on MOVING DAY!*

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United Van Lines
arranges all the
details of your move—in advance.

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I'm planning to move... please send me free
Pre-Planning Kit, containing carton markers,
change-of-address cards, moving day hints.

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

YOU

Bachelors, lefties and happy kids

(Continued from page 10)

Interesting sidelights: there was no evidence to show that opposites attract in marriage, married couples tend to become similar and women are more fickle than men.

I'M DRIVING ME CRAZY: Bachelors beware! Sociologist Robert M. Frumkin, surveying mental patients in Ohio, found bachelors have a greater chance of becoming mentally ill than married men. Before you bachelors leap, though, please note: widowers and divorced men were found to be even more prone to mental illness than bachelors. The point seems to be that going it solo is rougher than a lot of married men who look backwards to their premarital "freedom" would like to think.



FUTURE PITCHERS, PLEASE IGNORE: You can make sure your child will be right-handed (if you think that's important) by teaching right-handedness from the day he first grasps a toy. Method: just keep right-handing him things for those first few important months. Texas educator H. M. Wiley, challenging the idea that left-handedness is inherited, found that more southpaws were born in war and depression years. Warning: don't attempt to change a child once left-handedness is firmly established. It may result in something worse—stuttering, reading problems and things like that.



RIGHT TIME FOR DIVORCE: Some couples, no matter how utterly miserable they may be, claim that they are staying together only "for the sake of the children." However, as far as their children are concerned, the parents' sacrifice of their own happiness was probably fruitless, according to a recent study of 3,000 students made by Judson T. Landis of the University of California. The study found that those students whose mothers and fathers were divorced formed better relationship with the opposite sex than those whose parents were unhappy but stayed together.

College Beauty Queens *Solitaire*

use new

NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY

Julia Padanyi-Gulyas,
Military Ball Queen,
says "*Solitaire for me
—it's the only make-
up I need except lip-
stick.*"



to
glorify... soften
vitalize
their
complexions



TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY

Sally Marie Tull,
Sweetheart of T.C.U.,
says "*I like Solitaire
because I feel and look
fresh for hours and
hours.*"



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Lea Rideaux, Festi-
val Queen, says "*Soli-
taire created a whole
new complexion beau-
ty for me in just sec-
onds.*"

Discover, like lovely college girls from coast to coast, the instant beauty Solitaire brings to your skin—the translucent glow... the dewy tint... the youthful freshness! It's so easy, so quick to smooth on Solitaire with a moist sponge. Suddenly—and for *hours* afterward—your complexion is radiant, fresh-looking... tired lines seem to have disappeared.

Solitaire, containing the remarkable new skin discovery, Vita-Lite, is *more* than a make-up. As you use it day by day, you'll see your skin grow lovelier... become clearer, smoother, fresher.

How lovely can you look? Get Campana's new Solitaire... and see! At cosmetic counters.



MAGIC TOUCH
Cream make-up,
6 shades, .45; 1.00.

SOLITAIRE
7 shades, .69; 1.00.



SHEER MAGIC
Liquid make-up,
6 shades, .79.

by Campana

Treasure Hunt

To attract tourists and promote business, an ex-boom town of 2500 in Arizona offered all comers a chance to play amateur prospector



Crowding, pushing, scrambling...



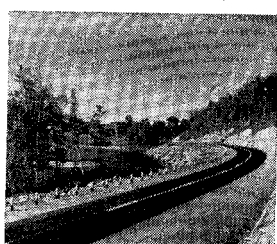
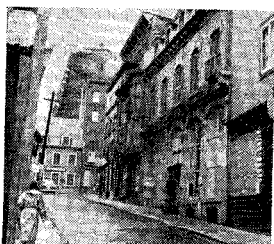
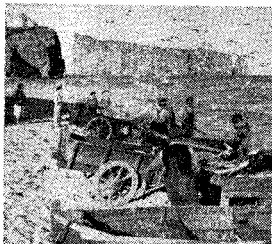
The frenzy of the frontier had little on Wickenburg, Arizona, when the town decided recently to advertise itself with an honest-to-goodness wild west treasure hunt. Excited tourists were outfitted with pans and pincers, directed to a gully and told to take all they could find.



...carefully examining every grain;

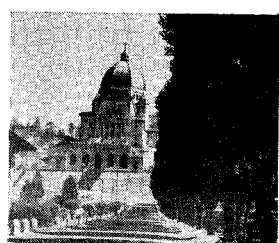
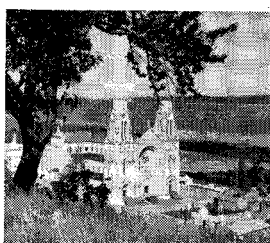
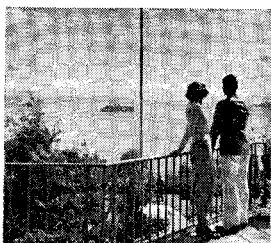
sometimes a shout or a squeal, more often a groan of disappointment.

ENJOY A QUÉBEC VACATION



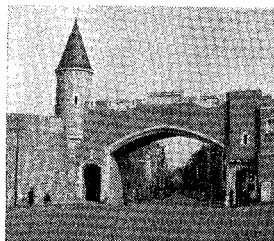
PICTURESQUE

Visit the picturesque towns and villages along the rivers and in the mountain districts of Québec.



ROMANTIC

In the narrow streets of old Québec, in the quaint beauty of its churches and chapels, in the unhurried way of life in French-Canada, you glimpse a fascinating old-world atmosphere.



HISTORIC

Tour the historic sites of La Province de Québec where great events have left their imprint on world as well as local history.

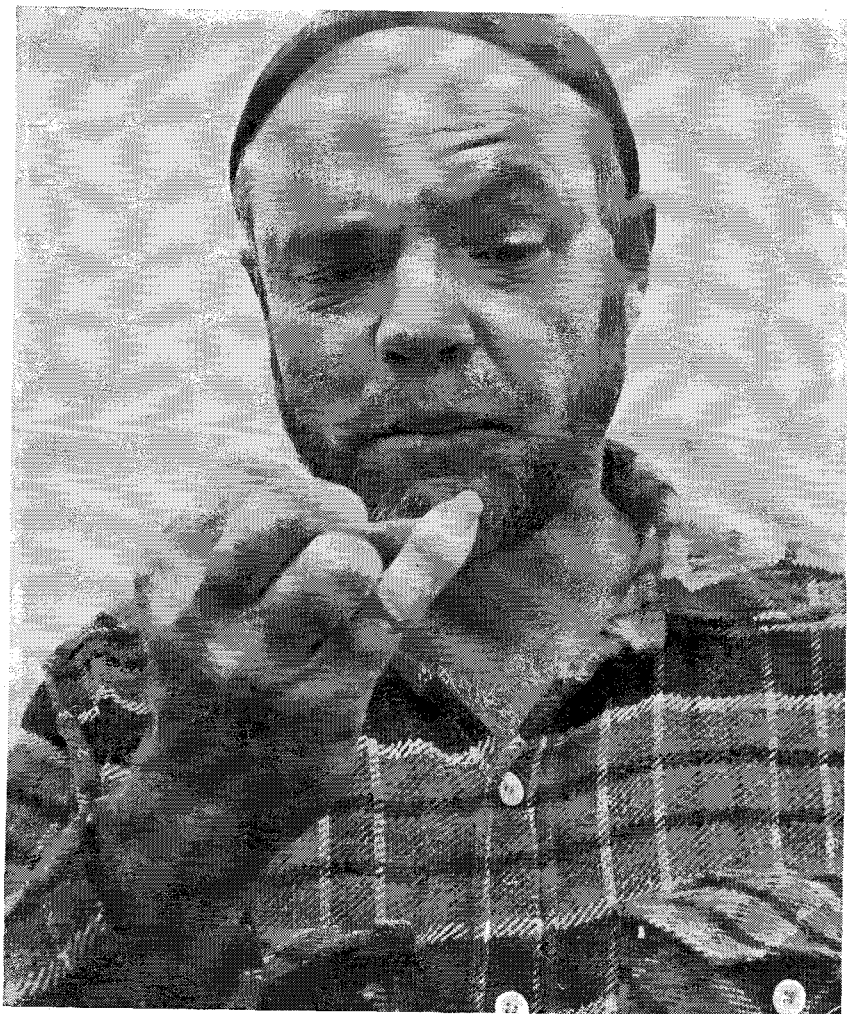
Spend rapturous hours in La Province de Québec. Everywhere you will be welcomed with truly French-Canadian hospitality in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

For road maps and illustrated booklets, write —
Provincial Publicity Bureau, Parliament Buildings, Québec
City, Canada; or 48 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.



...But, sometimes,

GOLD



Yes, GOLD—that was the prize panning tourists sought at Wickenburg's treasure hunt. Mine ore, salted with gold, was dumped into trenches and all comers invited to try their luck at collecting a poke of dust.



Is your waistline reaching the danger line?

Here's the Sweet and Low-Down

On how to lose weight without going hungry!

If you are a calorie-counter, or dieter... don't feel lonesome! One out of every two American adults today is either dieting or calorie-counting. What many weight-watchers *don't* know, however, is that you can eat your favorite foods in generous servings and still stay slim.

Yes, by switching to low-calorie Diet-Sweet Fruits, Jellies and Salad Dressings, you can save hundreds of calories a day... *lose pounds a week!*

The only difference between Diet-Sweet foods and the foods you eat now is the calories, not the flavor! Diet-Sweet keeps the flavor *in*—leaves the calories *out*! And decalorized Diet-Sweet foods are as delicious, as sweet-tasting as high-calorie foods. *You can't tell the difference!*

The secret's in the syrup—a patented* combination that makes Diet-Sweet foods *Sweet* in flavor, but *Low* in calories.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Pat. Nos. 2,629,665, 2,653,103.

Diet-Sweet foods open up a whole new experience in eating! Switch to Diet-Sweet low calorie foods and lose weight... *diet without knowing you're on a diet!*

- The makers of Diet-Sweet foods have made low calorie foods for 26 years. They're so sure you'll enjoy Diet-Sweet they make this offer: Try Diet-Sweet foods for one month. If you are not completely satisfied, return ALL the labels you used, with your grocer's name, to Diet-Sweet, Box 238, Santa Clara, California, and they will refund ALL your money!



Compare the Calories

FRUITS (calories per 3½ oz. serving)
Diet-Sweet...36 Ordinary brands...92

JELLIES and PRESERVES (teaspoonful)
Diet-Sweet.... 3 Ordinary....20.

SALAD DRESSINGS (teaspoonful)
Diet-Sweet Whipped Dressing..... 8
 Ordinary Whipped Dressing.....34

Diet-Sweet Normandy Dressing ½
 Ordinary French Dressing.....30-40

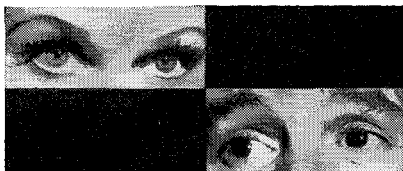
diet-sweet

QUIZ

The Eyes Have It

BY MAX BRANDEL

The eyes, some sleuths say, are the surest way to identify a person. Can you name these famous TV couples? Test your Eye-Q—and no fair peeking at the upside-down answers near the clues!

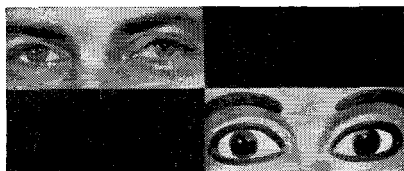


With her neighbor, she plots a million ventures. Accent and all, he loves her.

Lucille Ball-Desi Arnaz

One has a wooden face; the other does enough talking for the both of them.

Paul Winchell-Jerry Mahoney

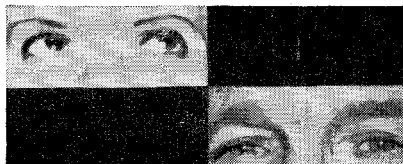


Interviewing Manhattan's celebrities, he's very serious, she's always so gay.

Tex McCrary-Jimmy Fulkerson

Recent quarrels patched up, they cavort with funny faces, songs, antics.

Dean Martin-Jerry Lewis



On radio as now on TV, her logic is his despair. They share same first initial.

George Burns-Gracie Allen

Tonight spots his goatee and piano. On panels, she's bright and décolleté.

Sketch Henderson-Faye Emerson





the smartest girls use it!

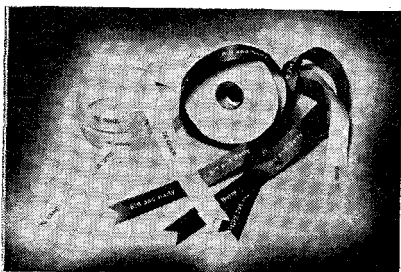
Here's how to single out the Tampax user: First, she's intelligent. She realizes that internal sanitary protection is a far more sensible way of handling "problem days." It prevents odor. It eliminates chafing. It's easy to carry, insert, change and dispose of. It does all the things you wished sanitary protection would do! . . . Secondly, the Tampax user is poised. She's conscious of her clothes, her carriage, her grooming. She particularly likes Tampax because it's "invisible" when in place; she doesn't like belts, pins or pads. She feels strongly that the Tampax way is the nicer way, the more modern way, the most desirable way. When millions of smart girls *do* use Tampax, why shouldn't you? It's sold at drug or notion counters in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super and Junior. Get it this very month! Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(ADVERTISEMENT)

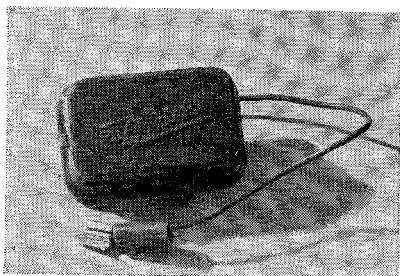
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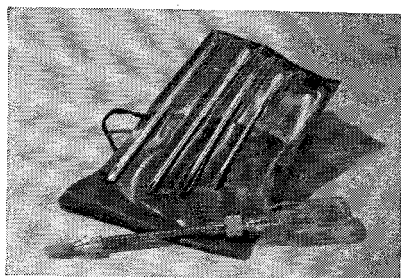
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BUZZ-ALARM sounds a warning whenever car is backed up. Safety device is easily installed in auto trunk. Attaches to any body screw near directional signal or back-up light wiring. Red metal case. \$1.98 pp. Marbrite Co., Dept. C, 134-51 Springfield Blvd., Springfield Gardens 13, N. Y.



FIVE-IN-ONE screwdriver set contains 1 large flexible screwdriver, 1 small driver, 1 driver with screw holder, 1 large and 1 medium Phillips head driver. Plastic lock handle is interchangeable. 6 in. vinyl case. Tempered, ground steel tools. \$1.95 pp. Toddy Prod., Dept. 5C, Chelmsford, Mass.



THIS LIGHTER ignites by exposure to air. Simply remove cap and filament produces flame; replace and light is extinguished. Windproof. No wick or flint necessary. Gold and black case. Extra cartridge and fluid provided. \$3.95 pp. Nob Hill House, Dept. C-1, Box 1592, San Francisco 1, Calif.

(Continued on page 22)



IS ERIKA REALLY FREE?

Erika's family is among the hundreds of thousands who fled into West Germany from oppression behind the Iron Curtain. In their flight to freedom they were forced to leave practically all their possessions. Now, in a land which promised hope, they live in poverty—a chain strong as that which held them when they lived under Communism. For little Erika and her family there is no adequate shelter. She has no warm coat, no sturdy shoes, not even a simple toy to brighten her childhood. Erika doesn't understand what has happened. She knows only that she is hungry and cold.

HOW YOU CAN HELP ERIKA — You can help Erika—or another needy child—to live in happiness and freedom. Through the Save the Children Federation you can provide funds to purchase additional food, warm clothing, bedding, school supplies — and other necessities — for a child in West Germany, or in Finland, France, Greece, or Korea. You will receive a case history of “your” child, his photograph, and progress reports. You may write to “your” little boy or girl and his family, and receive their letters in return. Yes, your material aid will be part of a larger gift . . . the great gift of understanding and friendship. It costs so little to prove to a child that freedom's way is the heart's way. An SCF Sponsorship is only \$120 a year, \$10 a month, or \$30 a quarter.

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Mail the coupon today to bring hope to a child tomorrow.

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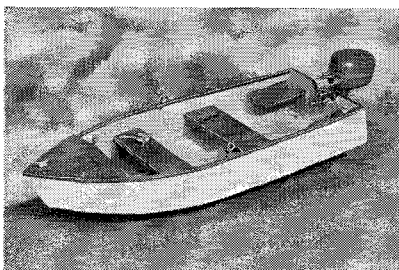
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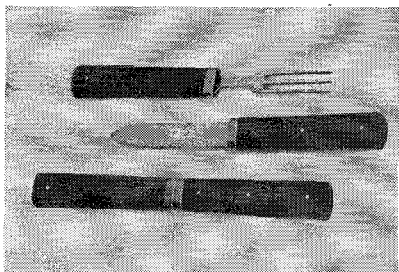
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(Continued on page 24)

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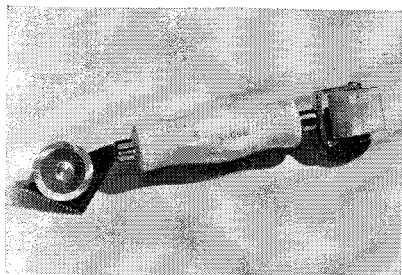
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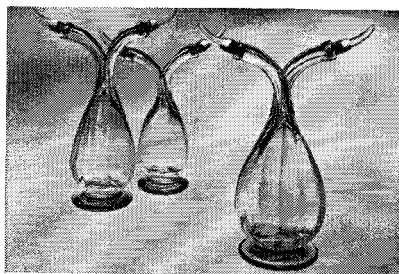
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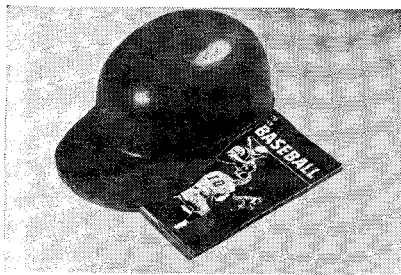
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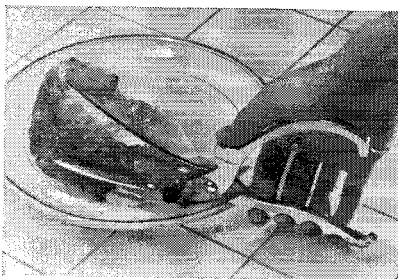
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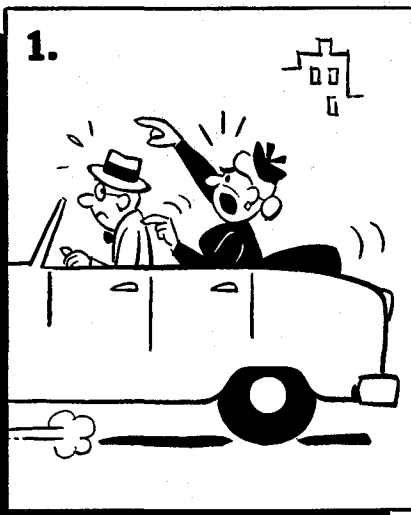
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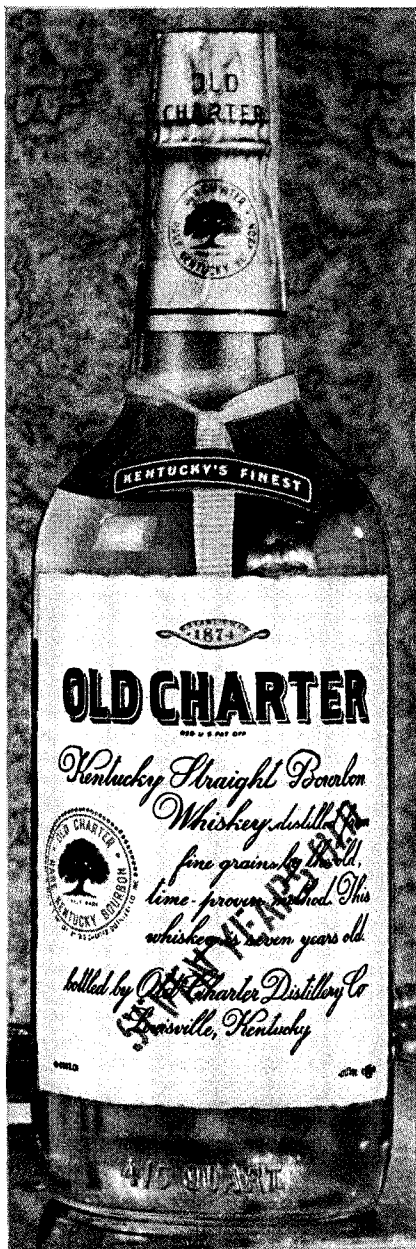
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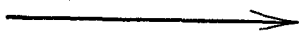


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"America, It's Magnifique, Mommy!"

by JEAN POTTER

Young Michael was scared, a stranger in his own country.

Then he discovered the heart of his homeland

"BUT I DON'T WANT to go to America!" my seven-year-old son Michael angrily told me, in French.

"It's your country," I reminded him. "You've never seen it, but I'm sure you're going to love it there."

He stood beside me in our Paris apartment as I packed the trunks, a small, stormy figure in short pants and school smock, most unimpressed.

When my husband and I returned home after an eight-year assignment abroad we knew, of course, that our son would not welcome the change. Michael had been born in Europe and grown up happily in Paris. But we were surprised by the force of his reluctance to leave.

"American boys are rough and rude," he told me. "They're dumb and mean and they fight all the time. America is full of machines and gangsters. The only good thing is cowboys."

I asked him where he had heard such nonsense.

"Oh, it's all true," he said, with the loftiness of seven years. "The boys told me at school."

For the first time I realized how very European our child was. He'd attended a French school—in the stern tradition of the Con-



tenant—each day from nine to five. He did not even speak English.

In the formal little Paris park where he spent his play time, weekends and holidays, the children were not allowed to walk on the grass. His playmates were polite small fry who seldom shouted or got their *chic* clothes dirty. They were always accompanied by mothers or nursemaids. One little *monsieur* even wore white gloves.

On the boat trip to New York we tried to give Michael a tardy coaching in English. But he stubbornly declined to cooperate. When we arrived at the town of Carmel, California, where we were to live for four months, he cried bitterly at the prospect of going to school.

It was then that I called on Mrs. Marjorie McCausland, principal of the neighborhood public school, to prepare her for my "un-American" American son. I apologized politely, as one does in Paris, for "bothering" her.

A warm, vivacious woman, she listened carefully to my story and said with a smile, "But we're *happy* to have Michael. We'll consider it a challenge."

I was startled. I had forgotten how friendly and out-going Americans are.

I explained that I was anxious about how Michael would get along with the other children.

"The children?" She leaned across her desk, cheerful and emphatic. "But it's the children I'm counting on to help him the most."

She outlined her plans for easing Michael's adjustment. She would have the teachers explain his prob-

lem to their pupils before he arrived. And she would assign boys of his age to guide him around, the first week; a different one each day.

"We'll make it a kind of rotating honor," she told me.

I was astonished. A public school take such pains to make a misfit feel welcome?

It was a very scared little boy in brand-new blue jeans, T-shirt and sneakers that I delivered to her office two days later. He was saying nothing. But he seemed determined to keep up a front. He pumped her outstretched hand briskly and stiffly, in the best French schoolboy manner.

"This is Tim, Michael," she told him, very slowly.

A lanky little redhead stepped forward.

"Tim is going to show you around today, and he'll stay with you all the time." She spoke gaily, as if it were a party. "Tim, show Michael where to put his lunch-box, on the shelf beside yours."

Michael was eying Tim warily.

"Okay?" asked Tim, very affable. He touched Michael's arm gently, leading him to the door.

The hours dragged for me till I could pick Michael up at two.

The yard was almost empty when I saw him. He was coming at a fast run with Tim and two other boys. His face was flushed, his hair tousled. He was laughing.

"We were showing him how to play kick," one of his escorts told me. "He's catching on."

"Bye, Mike!" they called as we started away.

Michael seemed dazed. "This

school is different," he volunteered. He said little more.

The next morning, as we were walking toward the school, a boy came running out of a house.

"Hi, Mike!" he shouted, smiling.

Michael started as to a rifle shot. Then, as he recognized the child, he smiled back, shyly, but as if they shared some remarkable secret.

"You don't have to take him to school," the boy told me. "He can walk with me."

Michael did not hesitate.

A week later, he came home bursting with excitement.

"I'm class president!" he announced.

He laughed, both proud and sheepish.

"I didn't know what they were doing, writing on all those slips of paper. I thought it was a game. Then they all started looking at me and clapping. I didn't understand till a man came who spoke some French. He told me I was president."

A shadow crossed his face.

"The only trouble," he said, "is that he didn't tell me what I'm supposed to do."

Certain that he must be having delusions of grandeur, I called his teacher that evening. She assured me that Michael was president for the month. "What a time we had explaining it to him," she laughed. "Luckily our janitor speaks some French and I could send for him."

"Was this *your* idea?" I asked, dumfounded.

"Oh, no!" she seemed shocked. "I never have anything to do with the children's choice."

I was too overcome for a mo-

ment, to say anything else to her.

"He seems rather at sea about his duties," I finally managed.

"Oh, *they* know that," she said. "The vice-president will sit next to Michael and pinch-hit. He'll enjoy coaching him."

Only once did Michael satisfy our burning curiosity about his progress in office.

"I hold the flag in the mornings," he proudly told us. Although he was still declining to speak English at home, he was, we learned, trying a lot of it at school.

In the month that followed, Michael became extremely surly and difficult. The teacher confirmed our suspicion that things were going less smoothly. No longer treated as a distinguished foreign visitor, he was trying to find himself as just another American boy.

Then, unexpectedly, came the trouble that I had feared. Michael told me one morning that he could not go to school; he had "a terrible cold." As he had no sign of a cold, we sent him off, crying. Later, I called his teacher.

"Yes," she told me, "something did happen. But it's all right now."

She'd learned that some of the boys had been hazing him at the playground, calling him a "silly French kid." She had put the matter before the class that morning, without mentioning names, and asked if those who knew about the trouble at the playground wanted to talk it out now. Or settle it later.

They had voted for the second course. During the recess there had been huddles, while Michael stood awkwardly apart. Then one of the

ring-leaders sidled over to him and apologized.

"That's not all," she told me. "When we convened again, Michael raised his hand. It's the first time he's ever asked to speak in class. He spoke loud and clearly. He seemed determined to make himself understood. He said, 'Some boy tell me he's sorry. I think and think but I don't know why he's sorry. I don't remember.'"

"It struck me as high diplomacy," she said, proud and pleased. "The children, and Michael himself, have cleared the matter up—and with no hard feelings left over."

Michael was eager to go to school after that. He made marked progress with his lessons and his disposition at home changed from storm to sunshine.

ONE DAY a copy of his old school paper arrived from Paris. Remembering how avidly he used to read it, I handed it to him. He glanced at it vaguely and put it down.

"I'm going outdoors," he said.

American parents cannot appreciate what "going outdoors" means to a child who has been raised abroad. The freedom of roaming unchaperoned through yards without any walls around them is a new-found heaven.

"America, it's *magnifique*, Mommy!" Michael told me one day, his eyes shining.

He was now speaking with us half in French, half in English. If his languages were mixed, his feelings were not. He was radiantly happy.

Coached by his small colleagues,

he was becoming an American boy with dramatic speed. I was impressed by their tact. They only corrected him when a mistake was extreme.

"Not sheep, Mike. That's an animal. Ship."

"Oh, *no!*" he shouted, doubling up with clownish laughter. "Not an *animal!*" Somehow he had learned to make fun of his own mistakes—perhaps because the others were laughing too; not at him, with him.

The day I fully realized how little Michael's principal, teacher and classmates had let him feel like a foreign misfit was the day we left Carmel for the East.

"How *can* I leave my friends?" he asked, tears in his eyes. "They're the first *real* friends I ever had. I'll never find such friends again!"

He'd known them only four months, yet he minded leaving them much more than he'd minded leaving the children he'd grown up with in Paris for many years.

His classmates gave him a baseball as a going-away present. They'd

printed their names on it with ink, and the year. He was carrying the ball in his hand as we boarded a plane for New York. He'd refused to put it in a suitcase.

Today, in New Jersey, he is happy with a new group of "American gangster" boys. But he's not playing with the baseball his "first real friends" gave him. One day I found him carefully sticking scotch tape over their names.

"I don't want the ink to rub off," he explained, and laid it gently on a shelf. "I'll need another ball to play with."

He stood silent a moment, very grave.

"You see," he confided, "this ball—it's sort of the way your diamond ring is to you, Mommy. I always want to keep it."

I understood. What he had received was precious.

I was more than grateful. I had glimpsed through my "French" son's wondering eyes a vision of America, of its free and friendly democratic spirit, that I had not seen as clearly before.

For Example



AT AN ARMY POST in the South, under a hot sun, a review was being staged for a visiting general. The heat took its toll, and here and there a man crumpled to the ground. Just as the last command was given, a captain fell on his face. Instantly his entire company hit the dirt.

A major hurried over demanding: "What's going on here? You men can't all be suffering from the heat."

One young lad grinned up at him. "There ain't nothin' wrong with us," he said. "The captain told us if we didn't understand what that big shot out in front was hollering to just keep our eye on him and do what he did."

—Wall Street Journal

The Comeback of SKIP ALEXANDER

by BEN FUNK

HIS BODY BURNED AND BROKEN, HE
WON AN AGONIZING STRUGGLE—
AND ASTONISHED THE GOLFING WORLD

THE CIVIL AIR PATROL plane was 6,000 feet up over Indiana when both engines quit. Stewart "Skip" Alexander, the popular young golf star, peered down through the darkness and saw the beckoning lights of the Evansville airport.

"How lucky can you get," he asked himself, "running into trouble right on top of a landing field?"

But Lady Luck wasn't flying with Skip Alexander that night in 1950. The plane crashed short of the air field and burst into flames.

Alexander was found sprawled over a railroad track 200 feet away, his gasoline soaked clothing on fire.

Rescuers beat out the flames but

Skip's big, strong hands were seared and broken, his ears virtually burned off, his legs, arms and body badly scorched. His left ankle, fractured in three places in the crash, had been ground to pieces in his run from the burning plane.

In an Evansville hospital, Alexander began a long, grim battle for survival. Even if he won it, doctors said, the tall, good-humored fellow who had been picked by many experts to become the world's greatest golfer could never hope to return to the sport he loved.

But Skip Alexander refused to accept the verdict. He not only won his fight for life, but, in spite of his terrible injuries, he made perhaps the finest comeback in the annals of American sports.

"And he did it," Dr. Cary Middlecoff, the great Memphis player, says wonderingly, "on heart alone."

It was evident when Alexander was a student at Duke University that he was destined for golf stardom. As captain of the Duke team, he won the North-South Amateur championship. In the U.S. Amateur, he tied the 18-hole qualifying record with a 67 at Omaha. Even then he was hitting with the power and accuracy of the pros.

Nobody was more surprised than his father, S. M. Alexander, a Durham, North Carolina, civil engineer who taught him the game.

"I felt Skip didn't have the right temperament," his father admits. "He used to get mad as a wet hen when he missed a shot. Once he threw his club in anger and I ordered him off the course. I felt badly, watching the little fellow trudge

back to the clubhouse, but he never threw a club again and he learned to master his temper.”

Skip went into the Army as a private and in 1946, after service in the Pacific Theater, came out a captain. Then he turned pro and by 1948 he was one of the longest hitters in golf, and in the fierce tournament competition one of the game's biggest money winners.

He broke or tied one course record after another—58 at Lexington, 61 at Durham, 62 at Tucson. He tied the 36-hole PGA qualifying record with a 134 at St. Louis.

Skip was lucky in love, too. In 1948 he married Kitty Reade, a strikingly beautiful, brown-haired girl with a sweet smile.

In September, 1950, he won fifth place in the Kansas City Open. The post-tournament ceremonies, during which he accepted a \$1,000 check, took so long he missed his commercial airline connection for home.

He wanted badly to get back to his apartment in Lexington, North Carolina, for a short visit with Kitty and their baby daughter, “Bunkie,” before leaving on a tour of Central America and the West Indies. So he became a passenger in a CAP plane bound for Louisville with three CAP officers.

As the plane tried for the emergency landing at the Evansville airport, Alexander told himself he was a lucky guy. The prize money at Kansas City had brought his earnings up to \$15,000 for the year from tournaments alone—not bad for a young fellow of 32. The world looked bright. He had a beautiful



In his wheelchair in an Indiana hospital three months after the plane crash, Skip still had his grin. Before the ordeal was over, he underwent 75 operations.

wife, a lovely daughter and a future unlimited.

Then his luck ran out. The landing strip was too far away. They hit the adjoining railroad yards instead.

Stunned by the crash, Alexander struggled to his feet—and pitched forward on his face as his broken left ankle crumpled under the weight of his 210 pounds.

On the second try, he managed to hobble back to the escape hatch. He tugged at the red-hot handle, burning his hands to the bone. Then, with a supreme effort, he knocked the door open with his shoulder, scrambled out through a hissing wall of fire and somehow kept going until he sprawled over a railroad track. At that moment, the plane blew up behind him.

Not until he fell did he realize that he was a human torch. The gasoline tanks had broken open in the crash, drenching him, and he had been ignited as he fled through the flames.

Dully, in a nightmare of pain, Skip scrubbed the fire out of his hair. Then people were slapping him and rolling him over the cinders.

When ambulance attendants laid him on a stretcher, he heard one say: "The three guys in the plane are dead. This one's a goner, too."

In the apartment in Lexington, Kitty answered the telephone and heard Skip's cheerful voice. "I fell out of an airplane and got burned a little," he told her. "Looks like they'll keep me here a week or two."

"I knew it was bad," she says, "when his voice broke a little at the end. He had insisted on calling

me before the doctors went to work on him. But I had no idea how terribly he was hurt."

She came at once and was at his side day and night. Friends like Cary Middlecoff came to root for him too. And there were his fans.

"Don't give up, Skip," one wired. "You'll win this one, too."

"I had to come through to justify the faith of all those good people," Alexander recalls.

For a while, it was touch and go. Then, when the crisis had passed, the doctors turned their attention to Skip's shattered ankle. Some of the bones stuck out through the flesh, while the foot was bent over in a crazy angle. The doctors broke the bones again and reset the ankle with steel pins to hold it together.

Here and there over his body, they found small areas of unburned skin and used it to patch up his face. As other sections healed, they transferred pieces of the new skin to his hands.

ONE DAY A DOCTOR held out to him a sheet from a newspaper. He reached for it but couldn't make his hands grip it.

"I knew that if I was going to play golf again, I would have to exercise some life into those hands," Skip says. "After I had worked at it a while, I got so I could open and close them. I practiced gripping them all day long. They said I even did it in my sleep."

The nurses brought him some yarn and showed him how to knit pot holders. He says, "I must have knitted a thousand of them, but it did wonders for me. I've got a

couple of fingers on each hand now that are good and strong."

When he went home three months after the crash, Alexander's once-handsome face was a mask of scar tissue. His fingers stuck out like a scarecrow's. He stumbled along clumsily on his almost useless ankle. Only the eyes were the same—friendly, squinting, deep blue.

He began his recuperation at the home of a cousin, a doctor in St. Petersburg. There he received a call from the Lakewood Country Club offering him a job as the club pro.

"I told them I appreciated the offer, but it might be a little while before I could report for work," he says.

He was still as helpless as a baby. At mealtime, Kitty sat him down with Bunkie and fed them together. He was still undergoing skin grafting operations at the Duke University Hospital.

The doctors wanted to take off his little fingers because they were so twisted and weren't doing anything. But Skip argued that he needed something there to hold a golf club at the top of the swing.

So he took a plastic mold of a club into surgery and they removed the finger joints, molded what was left around the club handle, and put on plaster casts. When they were removed, the fingers had stiffened into permanent curves.

Nine months after the crash, Alexander reported for work at Lakewood. His legs were bandaged to the hips, his hands bundled in gauze and tape. He held himself up with two canes while he slid both

his feet forward a little at a time

"It was a terrible shock to me to see him like that," Al Rossiter, Jr., the assistant pro, recalls, "because he was my ideal golfer. I'll never forget him in the Gainesville Open in 1947. One hole there is 388 yards and he drove that hole. It was the longest shot I ever saw off a tee.

"But it was his wonderful disposition that made the biggest impression. Skip liked everybody. He was never too busy or too important to stop and joke with the galleries, and the fans didn't bother him if they crowded around while he was trying to make a shot."

Rossiter worked with Alexander, and played with him the first time he tried to go nine holes. "He couldn't drive 200 yards," Rossiter says. "Once when he tried to really

Today, a rejuvenated Alexander spends full time working as golf pro in Florida.



belt one, his ankle gave way and he sprawled flat on his face. I felt like crying. But I never heard him complain."

In between his work in the golf shop and trips to the hospital, Skip sandwiched as much practice as he could.

"That ankle never stops hurting," he admits. "On my best days, it's like walking on a bad sprain. But if I don't keep it limbered up, it gets so stiff I can't walk at all."

The skin on his hands was so tender it kept breaking open. He taped up the torn spots and then it would wear out some other place.

IN AUGUST, 11 months after the crash, the sports world was astonished to hear that Skip Alexander would start in the Sioux City Open. In the first round he fired a fantastic 69. In the second, he shot a 72 and was still in hot contention.

Middlecoff, who was paired with him, says, "I never saw a man so determined. He felt he had to prove himself to those who had helped him come back from the edge of death.

"His hands were bleeding and he had lost that fine touch he used to have around the greens. But somehow that incredible guy kept chipping up there and getting the ball into the cup."

Alexander's desire at Sioux City was to win points toward the Ryder Cup team, which is made up every two years from the tournament golfers with the lowest average scores. Before the plane crash, he had been among the leaders in the Ryder Cup competition. As it

turned out, the points he had accumulated stood up to give him the tenth and last place on the team that met the British at Pinehurst, North Carolina.

In November, 1951, 13 months and 17 operations after the crash, Alexander started against the Scottish champion, John Panton, holder of the lowest scoring average of all pros in the British isles.

"I couldn't hit the ball very far," Skip relates, "but I was pitching and putting fine. The 13th hole was the breaking point. I went 2 up on Panton there. That gave me the confidence I needed, and when we finished 18 holes and went to lunch I was 5 up.

"That may sound like a big lead, but it didn't look like much to me, because we had to play 18 more holes in the afternoon. I still hadn't gone 36 holes since the accident and I didn't know if I could last.

"Midway through the afternoon round, I was 8 up and there were just nine holes to go. I was dog tired and I knew if I ran out of gas he would win all the rest. I kept telling myself, '*You've got to hurry up and win!*'"

"At the 29th, I pitched over a bunker and I could have yelled for joy when the ball stopped just a foot from the hole. I sank the putt and ended the match."

Alexander's 8 and 7 victory over Panton was the most decisive triumph registered by the Americans in their 9½-2½ team win over the British. It was an amazing outcome and a wonderful climax to one of sport's most inspiring comebacks.

The Philadelphia Sports Writers

Association voted Alexander its annual award as the most courageous athlete of the year. Ben Hogan had won it the year before by coming back after an automobile smashup to win the National Open.

Of the two stories, Alexander's was the more tragic. He was still short of his prime, his biggest goals ahead, when he was crippled. Hogan had been at his peak, had won enough honors to last any man for a lifetime.

Since the Ryder Cup matches, there have been great moments when Alexander has scored with the best of the pros. He was in serious contention at the 1952 Masters until a disastrous 82 in the final round wiped out his chances at the coveted title. In the Havana Open in December, 1954, he was tied with U.S. Open Champion Ed

Furgol going into the final 18 before he faltered.

Meanwhile, Alexander has done a magnificent job as the Lakewood pro. Under his guidance, the club has improved immensely. He took a St. Petersburg high school team that hadn't won a match in an entire season and in two years made it the third best team in Florida.

Asked if he ever expects to hit the tournament trail again full-time, Alexander's eyes fill with nostalgia. Then a twitch of pain in the stiff ankle brings him back and he smiles at his lovely wife, his daughter and their young son, Buddy, and he says: "No, I'm satisfied with my life the way it is. I feel I'm serving the game best by playing some of the time and teaching the rest. Believe me, I'm one lucky guy."

Inventors Speaking

THE STORY GOES THAT Mark Twain lost more than one hard-earned fortune by investing it in harebrained schemes. So he was wary when, one afternoon, a tall, spare man with kindly eyes and eager face, came up the path with a strange contraption under his arm. Yes, it was an invention; the man explained it to the humorist, who listened politely but said he had been burned too often.

"I'm not asking you to invest a fortune," urged the man. "You can have as large a share as you want for \$500."

Twain shook his head; the invention didn't make sense to him. As the tall, erect figure started away, the author asked, "What did you say your name was?"

"Bell," replied the inventor a little sadly, "Alexander Graham Bell."

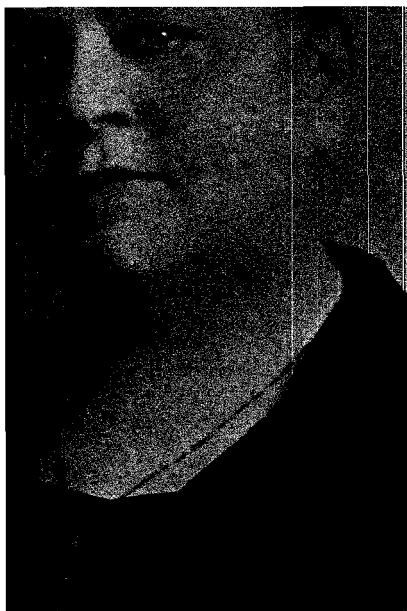
—VANSANT CORYELL, *The Christian Science Monitor*



THOMAS A. EDISON, inventor of the incandescent light, made experiment after experiment in a search for a new source of natural rubber in plant matter. After the 50,000th failure, a discouraged assistant said to him, "Mr. Edison, we have made 50,000 experiments and have had no results."

"Results!" exclaimed the great inventor with enthusiasm. "We have wonderful results. We now know 50,000 things which won't work!"

—EDWARD L. FRIEDMAN, *The Speechmaker's Complete Handbook* (Harper & Brothers, N. Y.)



"LOVE MY BOYS"

by DOROTHY PARK CLARK

*For her collection of misfits,
truants and troublemakers, she
created a world of law,
reason, hard work—and hope*

"I'M GOING to have to paddle one of my boys after roll call," Miss Harlow told me, that first morning I stopped at Special School. "I'm sorry. Would you like to wait in the hall?"

I waited. A visiting-teacher of music, young and green, I wished Special hadn't been added to my schedule, for it was the last-hope link between the Louisville public schools and Kentucky's corrective institutions.

Though I'd heard of Miss Harlow's superhuman discipline and noble work here, I dreaded the

prospect of the glee club she wanted me to start.

Miss Harlow wasn't at all the gaunt iron female I had expected. Rather she was roly poly plump, snug-corseted in a crisp black dress. She had an ageless look, the prettiest skin and white hair, a lovely dimpling smile and a sea captain's far-seeing blue-gray eyes.

Through the open door I could see the young delinquents, some 80 of them from 10 to 16 years old, packed into the big classroom for assembly. Every one of them had been a behavior problem and a few

had been expelled from some city school as a misfit, consistent truant or serious trouble-maker.

Yet if I hadn't known they were all hand-picked behavior problems, I wouldn't have guessed it, for the atmosphere had the orderly contentment of any well-run, happy school. Nobody looked glum or hangdog, except one red-faced young man standing near Miss Harlow's desk as she called the roll.

It dawned on me that it couldn't conceivably be her paddle alone casting a spell like this. Many of these boys were abysmally underprivileged, hardened by home or reform school brutality. A teacher's paddle would be a joke to them.

She spoke briefly to the red-faced boy. "Cruelty is often a sign of stupidity, Coleman. You're *not* stupid, but you hurt a small child yesterday—*deliberately*. Break a school rule today and a city law tomorrow. Ask some of our older fellows!"

She paddled him hard in front of everybody. And then she shook hands with him. She always did, I learned. "I try to find out the real trouble with each of my boys," she used to say, "and apply the remedy to the seat of the difficulty."

Punishment from her was as fair and impersonal as the law of gravity, her warm handshake a seal of good faith and a clean slate.

The glee club went surprisingly well, but afterward I wondered if Miss Harlow had left me in charge of the class, or the class in charge of me. A chance glimpse of the terse report laid on her desk in a businesslike way by the day's sergeant-at-arms told me: "We and she done

all right." The responsibility had been theirs.

Over the years, I never saw the boys—or any one boy—fail to respond to that extraordinary woman, Mary J. Harlow, and the world of law and work and love she created for them. A world of reason, too.

"You didn't do your homework because you were absent yesterday? That's like skipping lunch because you missed breakfast, isn't it?"

The school motto, "Learn to Obey," suggests the traditional school marm. And so Miss Harlow was, in that she was convinced that every human being *can* be taught to meet basic obligations. She had few rules, but they were kept.

She was strict, and she had to be. But she knew instinctively when to be gentle and when to spur.

She loved the boys, and understood the fundamental need of every one of them for a measure of success and appreciation. Part of her genius was finding something each one *could* do and, with practice, do well.

The boys came to her with their achievements and their problems. She gave them encouragement, honest concern and any realistic help she could, rather than the pity she often felt but believed to be no help at all.

She suffered with them, yet the only time I ever saw her weep was the day Joe B. played in the city-wide harmonica contest.

A gifted child, shabby and neglected, Joe just stood there on the huge stage, too scared to play. Miss Harlow and the Special contingent down front clapped bravely, and

again his number was announced, "Camptown Races."

"Play something, Joey," Miss Harlow called up to him. "Just play anything you want to."

He raised his harmonica to his lips then, and out came "Silent Night," in the pure celestial tone that might have come from the golden flute of an angel.

He won the award for Special. The boys stamped and cheered. But Miss Harlow just took him in her arms when he came down. Her tears, her look of fierce and tender pride, nobody could forget.

She loved to play the harmonica, too, cupping her plump hands around it, flapping them briskly for the vibrato.

One of her boys told me that the last time he saw her was only a week before her death 11 years ago, in a church nursing home. He found her sitting up in bed playing her harmonica.

SPECIAL SCHOOL ended soon after her retirement. Nobody could fill her shoes. It began with her, too, in 1911, by chance they say. But she didn't think so. A little boy in great trouble once said to her, "God knows I need you, Miss Harlow." She answered, "Not to be presumptuous, I believe He does."

Before Special, she was a brilliant eighth-grade teacher in a "privileged" neighborhood. But Special was her true love. Her father was a policeman, and the day he told her he had met a former pupil of hers "professionally," she went to the Board of Education.

"Rogers mustn't be sent to re-

form school," she explained. "You can't salvage lumber when it's warped and rotten. He's not a bad boy. I know, because I taught him."

"I wish you still had him," the superintendent retorted. "And a lot of others like him."

"So do I," she said. "Do you want to give me a try?"

The school he gave her wouldn't begin to hold the boys once word was out that there was a place to send the class pest. Most of them straightened out, too, but the trouble was they wanted to stay.

She was given an old school, then, and assistants. Far ahead of her time, she insisted on woodwork and printing shops, a library, game equipment, in the days when a bricked yard was the sole extra-curricular feature of the average elementary city school.

In the '20s—my time there—she coached, refereed and even substituted in baseball games. I once saw her fielding. She wasn't too good, and the boys whooped when she managed to put Dillon out at second.

"I had to throw straight!" She grinned at that astounded star runner. "You kept your promise to stop stealing money. How could I let you steal bases?"

She played and joked and sang with her boys. She prayed with them and for them. She was the good mother so many of them lacked.

Her morning assemblies left a mark on us all—boys and teachers. Nothing was ever tepid or perfunctory, the singing, reciting of "Memory Gems" in chorus, drum and bugle corps, harmonica band,

***She prayed with her boys and for them and became
for so many of them the good mother they needed***

orchestra. The programs usually ended with her dramatic reading from some adventure story, whetting many an appetite for books.

But to begin with, she always opened her Bible, saying reverently: "Boys, I am now going to read to you from the Word of—" Here she paused, and they supplied the breathless answer: "God."

Miss Harlow was a Catholic, I learned later, but her "sermons" would have done credit to many a preacher as well as priest, and have passed muster in a Temple too. Wise, short, simple, each one brought its point directly home.

To hear her boys give the Pledge to the Flag, while she spaced and accented the last stirring words with a hand clap on each, would make any spine tingle. One boy dreamed about it in the Battle of the Bulge. "It was crazy," he says. "I'd wake up shouting it. But I felt better."

Though Miss Harlow was principal at Special, she did most of the teaching when the school was small. Many boys couldn't be graded definitely, and her room was like an old-time country school. She would go from group to group or boy to boy, directing work from the sixth grade to senior high school. In one or two cases, she took boys from the primer to a diploma.

There was no time-wasting in school hours. "I have eyes in the

back of my head," she'd chuckle.

"What's the trouble, Meyer?" she asked a handsome curly-haired youth at the blackboard one day.

"This stuff's hard," he said. "I got to have some help."

"Hmm...Here's a careless mistake. What's six plus seven?"

He gave an aggrieved shrug, another when she asked him again. She slapped him then, and in a moment he barked, "Thirteen!"

"You can do that problem as well as I can. But call on me if you want more help!"

In seven minutes minus six, Meyer finished.

"Look, Miss Harlow! I got it right!"

"Good!" She held out a sheet of paper. "See if these can stump you!"

Only once in over 30 years did Miss Harlow desert Special. A state reformatory persuaded her that it had a wider field for her talent. But after a few months—the regimentation, severity, politics were not for her—she came back home.

But the day she told the boys goodbye was hard for everybody. She was ready to leave when, as often happened, an "old grad" came by.

"Just stopped for a drink of water." This was the favorite excuse.

"Spellman! Come right in, boy!"

Spellman's uniform usually

spelled trouble for somebody at Special. But not today. Miss Harlow introduced him proudly. She always did have a weakness for a fine policeman.

"This is Officer Spellman, boys. He used to sit right there. Look at him now. Will you make a little talk to the fellows, Spellman?"

He managed to get out a few words about studying harder, which Miss Harlow hailed as if it were a Supreme Court decision.

"Hear that, boys? *Spellman* wishes he had studied harder when he had the chance. *You* still have that chance. What are you going to do

with it while I am gone? *Throw it away?*"

Oh, certainly not! They shook their heads, respectful eyes on Spellman.

There had been some early discussion as to who would get to carry Miss Harlow's two plain suitcases out to her coupe, but quite naturally Spellman got the honor.

Miss Harlow shook hands all around then. At the front door, she turned back to us teachers. She wasn't weeping, but we were.

"Love my boys," she said. But we felt we were hearing the words: "Feed my lambs."

A Rose by What Other Name?



THERE WERE SO MANY MacDonalds in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, that ways had to be found to tell them apart. The solution the town hit upon was ingenious.

Kirk MacDonald, for instance, reared a large family. He was called Danny Kirk MacDonald. His children, however, were not known as MacDonalds. They were Danny Kirks. Danny Kirk MacDonald's son, Jimmy, for example, was called Jimmy Danny Kirk.

Another MacDonald became a judge in the course of time. Naturally he was saluted, as he went about the streets, as Judge MacDonald. Consequently, his daughter, Kay, became known as Kay Judge.

Jack MacDonald was locally famed as a bagpiper. They dubbed him Jack the Piper. His daughter, Mary, was known as Mary Piper. One MacDonald made his mark as Professor MacDonald. His daughter's name? Annie Laurie Professor. Similar tags were given the offspring of MacDonald the painter and MacDonald the carpenter.



When John MacDonald moved into a house on Hillcrest Street, his wife became Mrs. Hillcrest. When MacDonald, the physician, died, his widow was promptly and succinctly dubbed Mrs. Dead Doctor.

Probably the two most picturesque MacDonalds the town had were Maggie in the Sky and Hughie the Bird. Maggie in the sky was a MacDonald who washed windows in an apartment that had a skylight.

Hughie the Bird, as was to be expected, had a beautiful singing voice. At the Antigonish cathedral, he was also known as Hughie Tantum Ergo, in recognition of his performance of the second hymn in the Roman Catholic benediction.

—JOHN LEAR

When Men Find God

by JAMES C. G. CONNIFF

Millions have turned again to the church in this era of crisis. Are their conversions real? How can a man really know when his search for God is successful?

EVER SINCE WORLD WAR II, men and women have been finding their way back to religion in mounting numbers. 1954 was the biggest year in history for conversions, with America's churches gaining more than 2,500,000 members. As a result, a record 60 per cent of our population now belong to some church. Other countries have noted a similar awakening.

In the face of this remarkable phenomenon, a question naturally arises: what is the *nature* of religious conversion? Ours is a scientific era. Can its standards measure something so completely intangible? And what means have we of knowing whether it is just a stopgap for some twisted psychological need—or as real as birth and death?

Clergymen agree that there are certain very helpful clues in sizing up the genuineness of this most meaningful journey a man can take. The most revealing one, they have found, is the way a true convert at no time wants to hurt anybody with his new-found truths or cram them down unwilling throats.

He may, and usually does, ache to shout his good news from the housetops, which caused Mark Twain to observe that "all converts are incurably autobiographical." But he has nothing in common with Voltaire's fanatic whose passionate beliefs would inevitably reach a pitch where he'd kill you for not sharing them.

In part, according to most converts, this is because the genuinely successful God-seeker *likes* what he's been through, no matter how soul-wrenching. For one reason or another he may have to bank the emotional fire of conversion's early stages, but he

has learned how to keep it from going out. He is in love with God, a condition he finds so rewarding that he would unhesitatingly go through it again years afterwards if he had to.

Ministers of all faiths are struck by the variety of warmhearted reactions that finding God involves. "For some," says Father Robert I. Gannon, Jesuit educator, author and rector of St. Ignatius Loyola on Park Ave., "it is a matter of peace. For others, an excitement, a discovery. To many it is a feeling of deep conviction: *Thank God I'm here at last!*"

"You know those little kids that dive for nickels you toss overboard on a Caribbean cruise?" says a recent convert who had looked for truth in the most unlikely places. "Well, I feel I've been diving for nickels all my life, and now at last I'm up on deck."

To an athlete it is "like the deep breaths you take after running. They're painful but sweet—and God alone knows how hard I ran, till He caught up."

An Iowa farmer whose son died in Korea turned, at first, against God. Several weeks later, as he came in from the fields toward evening, rain began to fall softly.

"Somehow," he recalls, "the water made my spirit grow and unfold like the corn. We're in pretty close touch these days—God and Bob and me."

A German-born importer of musical instruments returned to the Lutheranism of his boyhood when, at the end of World War II, he

confided to a business rival how thankful he was that his aged parents had been spared during Allied air raids on Germany.

"Why don't you thank God?" the competitor asked.

"It hadn't occurred to me to be so specific," the importer admits. "For years my business life had left no room for God. I forgot He exists. But now I thank Him daily. For from that moment, I began to see my rival in a new light. We became business partners not long after, and today God runs the firm."

Thus converts try to find words for the depth and durability of their experience. They come remarkably close to the classic symptoms: an ecstasy of joy, a feeling of heat or fire in the breast, consciousness of a bright light, voices.

They are witnesses also to some of the less mystical signs, like the great buoyancy and lightness of heart the true convert enjoys, the feeling of peace and release from anxiety. They know a strange sense of newness which extends even to the trifles of everyday life.

Perhaps the most peculiar sensation of all, especially for hard-headed people, is that of being under divine control. They report that it is far from unpleasant.

"You get the feeling that your new outlook on life is something that's been given to you rather than won," says a Brooklyn fireman. "More the result of divine grace than human effort."

To tell whether the blend of



man's effort and God's help will last or come unstuck in any given case takes considerable insight. Clergymen have learned, for example, to discount the rise in church attendance right after a major air or rail tragedy. But they know that—especially in the atomic era—war, personal suffering and the threat of universal disaster play a large part in many genuine conversions.

Rabbi Hirsch E. L. Freund of the Synagogue Council of America underlines an equally basic factor in this nation's mounting concern about God. "Freedom," he points out, "is the first prerequisite of faith."

BUT EVEN FREEDOM needs competent guidance, according to Dr. Ralph W. Sockman of Park Avenue's Christ Church Methodist. Dr. Sockman says this is where formal religion enters the picture.

"What conversion should do," he tells those seeking peace, "is give you a new center for your life. Remember that we're all born egoists, little bundles of desire. On conversion we shift the focus of that desire from ourselves to God." Watch the company you keep, he recommends. Choose those who stimulate your best and highest interests and endeavors. On both counts, he feels, the church is the place to turn for help.

He adds with a smile, "Just keep this in mind: it's next to impossible to be a good *lonely* Christian."

The unconverted object that this looks a little like putting the cart before the horse. Let's be practical,

they say. The unhappy person is lonely to start with, doesn't know why, and hasn't any idea how to rectify his situation. Wouldn't a psychiatrist do him as much good as a church—maybe more?

Oddly enough, religion and psychiatry are coming more and more into partnership these days. One result has been to let a widening segment of psychiatry see in man something besides a more complicated animal. And under the influence of psychiatry, religion is returning to its original positive approach, with a shift of emphasis from blame and punishment to understanding and help.

Here's how they work together. The psychiatrist finds that the lonely, unhappy patient feels God has no interest in him, doesn't want him. Skillful probing very often reveals that the patient is transferring to God his resentment over parental rejection in early childhood, or a disproportionate sense of guilt for real or fancied sins. Once such conflicts are brought to the surface, they can usually be cleared up.

There it used to rest. But relapses caused the psychiatrists to ask themselves further questions. Could it be that a healed mind was, in effect, a psychic vacuum? Did such a mind, like Nature herself, abhor that condition? Was something *more* needed?

An increasing number of psychiatrists like Drs. Karl Stern and Gregory Zilboorg—both recent converts—have spelled out what they think is needed. Once psychiatry has done its cleansing work, they say, the next logical step is God. The human mind demands

religion for the full recovery of its health much as the body needs a program of exercise during convalescence from a physical illness. Startlingly, modern medicine is reaffirming: "The devil comes back to an empty house."

A. J. Cronin, the novelist, found his way back to religion after years as a fashionable London doctor had turned him into a complete cynic. While recuperating from an ulcer condition, he turned to writing. In the course of the transition, he says, "Somehow I lost my superiority and this, though I was not then aware of it, is the first step to finding God."

BISHOP FULTON J. SHEEN insists that "every conversion begins with a crisis." It can be physical, like severe illness, sudden death in the family, loss of possessions. It can be moral, like the inability to go on deceiving a wife or husband, or cheating business associates. It can be spiritual, an awakening to utter dependence on the Creator.

Crisis of whatever kind, Bishop Sheen says, forces the soul inward. When it sees and admits its own emptiness, God fills it with a rush of treasure.

For the Bishop, life before conversion is like a flattened Japanese lantern, with the figures and design all distorted. Only after it has been opened to its fullness and the power of God burns like a candle inside can the true pattern and meaning be discerned.

Individuals led back to God by Bishop Sheen include people with obvious crises like Ambassador to Italy Clare Boothe Luce, violinist

Fritz Kreisler, auto-maker Henry Ford II, stage designer Jo Mielziner, ex-Communist editor Louis Budenz, TV personality Buff Cobb and the late columnist Heywood Broun.

But how does the ordinary person with no crisis handy get started? Churchmen point out that we all have a ready-made crisis in global tension. This, they say, partially explains the numbers turning to religion without quite knowing how it happened. But Bishop Sheen notes an even deeper reason, formulated by the 17th Century French philosopher, Blaise Pascal.

There are two kinds of intelligent people, said Pascal, those who love God with their whole hearts because they have found Him, and those who search for God with their whole hearts because they have not found Him.

The searchers are those who have recognized, as Dorothy Sayers puts it, that misbehavior is not wrong because it doesn't pay, but doesn't pay because it is wrong. They are the ones who have rejected their old way of life and now have the desire for a new life. They are the *near-converts*. Clergymen agree that all they need is the courage to decide, to commit themselves to an *apparent* surrender beyond which lies the unbearably generous payoff.

But the ministers of faith also warn that desire is not enough. Conversion does not come automatically just because you want it, they point out. How, then, get the necessary courage? By realizing, the churchmen assure us, that God sends the right word to the right

person at the right moment because *He knows we need His help to do His will.*

We cannot go it alone, they say. We must draw as close to Him as we can with what we've got. Then, like the other piece of fissionable matter closing in to form a critical mass, God moves in on the human soul to blind it with His glory. Such is divine grace.

It can be had for the asking, even by those who don't see much point

in praying to a God they have yet to find. If you have ever loved anyone or anything more than yourself, convert-makers find you have already taken the first step in the right direction. The experience of converts themselves is that the One you seek is also seeking you.

Those who've found their way back admit it's not an easy journey. But, they point out, not making it is far harder.

Artful Dodges

VISITING WITH SOME FRIENDS IN A wealthy Londoner's home, James M. Whistler noticed one of his pictures hanging on the wall, a painting which he had done years before. Whistler studied it for some minutes with obvious disapproval. Then he seized a palette and brush which were handy and began with quick strokes to retouch the canvas.

"What are you doing?" gasped his host. "How dare you touch my painting?"

"Your painting!" replied Whistler. "Surely you don't consider it yours simply because you paid for it?"

MAESTRO ARTURO TOSCANINI permits absolutely nothing to interfere with his enjoyment of his beloved music.

Some years before the war, at his home in Italy, he played host to violinist Yehudi Menuhin, who was to perform for him.

The moment young Menuhin began to play, Toscanini was enthralled. He listened in rapt attention. Not a sound could be heard in the room save the notes issuing from the instrument.

Suddenly the spell was interrupted by the harsh ringing of the telephone. Menuhin hesitated. Not so Toscanini. Picking up a pair of scissors, he reached over and cut the telephone wire. Then, leaning back in his chair as if nothing had happened, he once again became lost in the music.

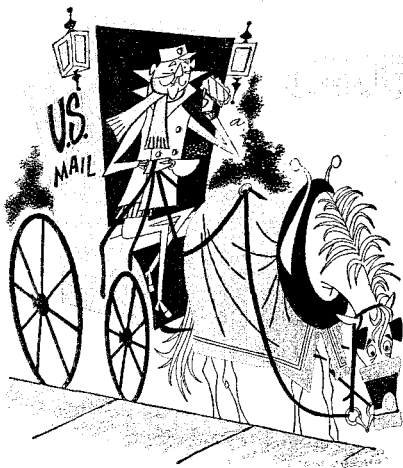
AMERICAN SCULPTRESS Janet Scudder was once modeling the head of an elderly Parisian who ate only those foods which were heavily seasoned with garlic. The odor was so overpowering that the sculptress experienced serious discomfort and found it difficult to concentrate on her work.

After a few days, she discovered that peppermint candy relieved her distress, and she began to consume it in quantities.

One morning she noticed that her model looked ill, and asked, "Is something wrong?"

"Mademoiselle," pleaded the Parisian, "eef you want me to pose for you, you weel have to stop eating that awful peppermint. The smell—ect makes me sick!"

—E. E. EDGAR



ONE WINTER DAY from my Philadelphia office window I saw a wagon marked U.S. Mail, driven by an aged man and pulled by an equally aged horse, stop at the curb. The driver carefully covered the horse with a heavy blanket, attached his feed bag, and climbed back on the wagon to eat his own lunch.

People passing by smiled and nodded to this kind man who sat in the cold but made sure that his horse was nice and warm. However, when the driver finished his lunch, I saw him uncover the horse, wrap himself in the blanket warmed by the animal and, stretching out on the seat, sleep snugly for the rest of his lunch hour.

—DAVID P. LEAS

GEORGE EASTMAN, the camera manufacturer, had a genius for detail. After looking over the architect's plan for a theater he was planning to give the city of Rochester, Mr. Eastman indicated general approval but thought there was

room for two more seats in the orchestra.

"Why raise the issue about two seats when there are to be 6,000 in the theater?" asked the architect.

Mr. Eastman is reported to have replied: "Each extra seat, for which there is ample room, would bring in an additional revenue of 30 cents a show, making sixty cents for the day, or \$3.60 a week, figuring six performances. At the end of the year, the revenue would amount to \$187.20, which, incidentally, is the interest on \$3,120 for a year."

—*Encyclopedia of Stories, Quotations & Anecdotes.*
JACOB M. BRAUDE © 1955, Prentice Hall

AFTER A LECTURE by the late Francis Wayland Parker, great Chicago educator, a woman asked: "How early can I begin the education of my child?"

"When will your child be born?"

"Born?" she gasped. "Why, he is already five years old."

"My goodness, woman," Parker cried, "don't stand here talking. Hurry home! Already you have lost the best five years."

—*Survey Graphic*

A FOREIGN GENTLEMAN got into a taxi and looked appealingly at the driver. "I haven't much good English," he began brokenly, "and I've lost the word."

"You mean you've forgotten the name of the street where you want to go?" asked the driver.

The man nodded, tapping his head vigorously as though to shake

the missing word loose. Finally he smiled, and said, "Take me to the wife of king street."

The taximan lost no time in driving him to Queen Street. —*The Cab Stand*

AFTER A REUNION of Union and Southern soldiers at Gettysburg several years ago, a Mississippian was talking to an old-timer who had just returned from the meeting. "I see by the papers," he said, "that there were over 4,000 Yankees at this reunion and only 2,000 Southerners. Why such a big difference?"

"Alluz wuz twice as many of 'em," snapped the uncle. "If they hadn'ta been they wudn'ta whupped us!"

—RALPH KILLGORE

AN EXECUTIVE for a cosmetic firm had a great deal of traveling to do, most of it by air. Since most of his business was done with the fair sex, his address book contained the names of a number of women in many cities. One day he left the book on a plane; it was mailed back to him with this laconic comment from the air hostess: "WOW !!!"

—*Nassau*

A VISITOR SAT YAWNING in the Senate gallery during a long and exceedingly dull speech. The old man next to him was leaning forward holding an ear trumpet and eagerly trying to follow every word.

The visitor sadly remarked to those around him: "Look at that

fool over there, refusing to avail himself of his natural advantages."

—*Times Record (Troy, N.Y.)*

"NOW," SAID THE ARCHITECT, "if you will just give me a general idea of the kind of house you want. . . ."

"That's easy," replied the prospective home owner. "We want something to go with an antique door knocker my wife picked up in Mexico City last winter."

—*Cameron Shield*

AN ENGLISHMAN once startled Mark Twain by saying abruptly, "Mr. Clemens, I would give ten pounds not to have read your 'Huckleberry Finn!'" Then he smiled and added: "So that I could have again the great pleasure of reading it for the first time."

—*The Tocsin of Revolt*, BRANDER MATTHEWS, © Charles Scribner's Sons, 1950, NELSON MACY, JR. Reprinted permission the publishers.

A MIDWESTERN Chamber of Commerce was giving a banquet for the teachers in the school system. Toward the end of the evening, one official arose and proposed a toast.

"Long live our teachers," he shouted. To which a voice from the back of the room inquired: "On what?"

—THE CARPENTER

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

The Lure of Superstition

by OREN ARNOLD

*Somewhere in its bewildering maze of canyons and crags,
a fortune lies hidden. And in the last
century hundreds have perished trying to uncover it*

IN ALL AMERICA no hidden-treasure lure has equaled that of the Lost Dutchman's golden millions concealed "somewhere" in Arizona's mysterious old Superstition Mountain. For more than a century, hopefuls have trekked into its dangerous canyons seeking gold that reputedly lies free for the taking. Many have been killed, warnings are constantly issued, yet the fascination of the legend remains.

Only a few months ago, a young Philadelphian driving to California camped in the mountain's shadow. Next morning, on impulse, he climbed into its awesome crags, miles from any human habitation. Suddenly, someone unseen began shooting at him from a distance. As he ran, tumbling and rolling down the slopes, a bullet grazed him.

Luckily he managed to escape and after first aid moved on westward, completely cured of gold fever.

Superstition Mountain, actually

a range 30 miles long and 10 across, has cost the lives of at least 400 who were trying to bring out or to find the treasure in its Lost Dutchman Mine. Thousands of others have suffered hardships and despair, ignoring the warnings that Arizona sheriffs have issued again and again over the decades about dangerous precipices, water scarcity, the chances of getting lost, javelins, mountain lions and rattlesnakes.

You can buy maps purporting to show the mine's location for from 50 cents to \$50,000, depending on your gullibility.

One man came out from St. Louis, got to talking freely in the bars around Phoenix and presently bought himself an impressive map for a mere \$50. When he sobered up he sold it for \$100 and went on back to St. Louis—the smart man.

Some years ago, George Holmes, who knew the mountain well, was approached by a hopeful tenderfoot who asked, "Could you just

Mountain

tell me where the water holes are?"

George couldn't describe them verbally, so he tore off a piece of wrapping paper, made a hurried pencil sketch of the mountain with its main canyons and peaks, put in some trails, landmarks and springs. For good measure he made an X where the mine was *supposed* to be.

He never saw the tenderfoot again. But seven years later, in another town, a stranger approached George Holmes with an air of great mystery. For just \$100, he said, George could have a guaranteed copy of a secret Mexican map locating the Lost Dutchman Mine.

You've guessed it—it was his own crude penciled sketch.

The romantic background which led to the mine's discovery adds much to its lure. It has come down through the years by word of mouth, doubtless with embellishments, yet with just enough "proof" to be intriguing.

According to the story, more than

a century ago, in a hacienda in Sonora, a handsome young man named Carlos seduced pretty Rosita Maria Peralta. Then he fled for his life.

"Go drag the scoundrel back!" the girl's father, Don Miguel Peralta, ordered an Indian tracker. "With my own hands I will tear the vitals from him!"

The Indian set out on his trail and weeks later returned with a report that caused the scandal to be completely forgotten. Young Carlos, fleeing far to the northward, had stumbled onto an out-cropping of pure gold ore, a gleaming bonanza richer than any Aztec treasure. Carlos himself had been accidentally drowned on the trip back, but the Indian had brought sample nuggets as proof.

His report fired the imagination of Don Miguel who sent out an expedition which did indeed bring back rich treasure. Old church records in Sonora tell of that. Bigger

expeditions brought back still more gold.

The mine was located high in a vast, rugged mountain where the Indians' Thunder Gods lived. (On hot afternoons you can still hear them pounding their gargantuan tom-toms, the sound reverberating from cliff to cliff.) The red men were furious because white men had desecrated their sacred mountain.

AT ABOUT THIS TIME, 1848, the United States acquired the region in which the mountain lay, via the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Don Miguel knew the *gringos* would not tolerate his mining there, so before they could take possession he sent in a final expedition made up of 400 picked men and some 600 horses and pack mules.

The men dug the ore, smelted it crudely into concentrates and started homeward with a fortune. Without warning, an army of Apaches came shrieking out of the dawn onto the treasure carriers.

The men were slaughtered, the animals stolen, the ore—useless to red men—scattered. Vengeance for the Thunder Gods had been wreaked in blood. Only two lives were spared—two boys who during the carnage crawled into the brush and escaped detection.

Twenty-odd years passed, while coyotes and buzzards cleaned the victims' bones, and white pioneers began filtering through the desert wastes into this picturesque land. Among them was a fierce prospector named Jacob Walz, called "Old Snowbeard the Dutchman."

He, too, ran afoul of Apaches

and, in fleeing from them, came onto a trail made by white men. He followed it high into Superstition Mountain where he found three Mexicans at work in Don Miguel Peralta's rich mine.

Two explained that they were the boys who had escaped the massacre, had made their way home, grown up and returned with a friend to claim the treasure they felt was rightly theirs now.

Feeling secure in being three to one, they naively showed Old Snowbeard the mine shaft. There he saw the richest ore his eyes had ever beheld; not just dust, but nuggets the size of walnuts, veins as brilliant as the sun.

When his hosts were off guard, Walz snatched up a rifle, shot all three to death, dropped their bodies into a crevice and piled rocks over them.

In Phoenix he got drunk, and boasted that he had the richest gold mine in the world. It is said that when men tried secretly to follow him in to his lode, he outwitted and killed them.

Walz carefully concealed the mine while he worked it for 15 years. Then, in 1884, Old Snowbeard lay dying of pneumonia. As his last act he called his friend Dick Holmes to his bedside.

"In the chest under my bed," he wheezed, "is a handful of nuggets and a map to the mine. They're all yours. The mine is near the peak called Weaver's Needle, not far from a palo verde tree."

But though Holmes searched for years, he could not find the shaft Walz told of concealing.

Dick's son George Holmes (he whose wrapping-paper "map" came back to him) also searched for years with no results. Both were respected citizens in Arizona and their story has helped the legend snowball through the years.

Thousands have sought the Lost Dutchman Mine since then, among them Adolf Ruth, who lived a prosaic life in Washington as a government clerk. Ruth's son, a physician, while visiting in Mexico in 1913 befriended a distinguished Mexican family and as a souvenir was given an old map purporting to locate a treasure some 200 miles to the north.

Back home, the doctor casually showed it to his father, who knew the Superstition story. And the map fitted right into it!

Adolf Ruth left his job, drove to Arizona, hired two cowboys to take him and supplies deep into Superstition Mountain. "Meet me back here in 30 days," he told them, and went on in alone.

Ruth did not keep that appointment. The search for him lasted weeks and was finally abandoned.

Months later, a hound dog with an archaeological expedition found a human skull. The scientists searched the area and a half a mile away came upon Ruth's headless torso, also his last camp. All his personal effects were there except

one—the Mexican map was missing! And the skull, probably carried off by a hungry wolf or coyote, showed two unmistakable bullet holes.

His death remains a mystery.

Others since then have been shot at by assailants unknown. Officers have been unable to locate anyone who might have done the shooting. One theory is that some modern-day fanatic is trying to guard the mine.

Actually, the gravest danger up there is thirst, exhaustion and confusion. For Superstition is a bewildering maze of canyons. One man claims to have gotten lost up there, wandered into a cave and found a few "sticks" of crudely smelted ore that must surely have been the Mexicans' concentrates, molded by pouring into rock hollows.

Have the other concentrates scattered by the Indians been found over the years? Who knows? The treasure hunters still keep coming.

The Dons Club, an organization of Phoenix business and professional men, sponsors an annual trek into the mountains to permit winter visitors to have a go at searching for the mine. It is more in fun than in earnest, of course, but it's just possible that some tenderfoot may yet stumble onto the secret of Old Snowbeard's fabulous lost lode.

Leaves from Life

TOWARD THE END of his life, a reporter asked the late Lionel Barrymore if he still found acting as much fun as it used to be. "Look, son, I'm 75 years old," Barrymore snorted. "Nothing is as much fun as it used to be."

—KEEVER JESTER



The Sickness of Casanovitis

by ROSANNE SMITH

FOR CENTURIES, the philandering male has sought to justify his promiscuous activities as the product of excessive virility. His sexual appetite is so great, he claims, that it would not only be unfair to expect him to live within the boundaries of monogamy but that it would perhaps even be harmful to his health. He must, he insists, sample all the opportunities that come his way regardless of the consequences.

Today, however, psychologists, psychiatrists, social workers and sociologists agree that the promiscuous male is no more virile than other men. He is, in fact, less so. His need for conquest is a façade behind which hides a confused and fearful little boy who is really afraid of and hostile toward the opposite sex.

Unfortunately, the promiscuous male is generally so skillful at sidestepping the facts about himself that he can kid himself for years that his amorous adventures are normal behavior. Often it takes a real tragedy, like the breakup of his marriage, to finally bring him to

face and deal with his actual illness.

The man who has been unfaithful to his wife once or twice may be doing injury to himself and others; but he is not necessarily afflicted with the sickness known as promiscuity. No more than a man who habitually takes four drinks a day is an alcoholic.

The man whose promiscuity is an illness is not suffering from an occasional seven year itch. Nor is he interested in any long-term, genuinely emotional liaison with a woman other than his wife.

It is in the phrase "regardless of consequences" that the key to the illness of the promiscuous male lies. For, his seeming pursuit of pleasure and sexual satisfaction is really something over which he has no control. He is driven from conquest to conquest by his own fear and sense of inferiority. He does victimize others. But he is also himself a victim.

The promiscuous male tries to substitute a *quantity* of sexual experience for a *quality* of sexual satisfaction of which he is emotionally and physically incapable.

**Is that muscle-rippling, chest-pounding male who boasts of
countless conquests really so masculine after all?
Or is he actually afraid of women?**

Psychiatrists refer to the disease specifically as "Don Juanism," after the legendary Spanish seducer Don Juan. Writers such as Byron and G. B. Shaw have used Don Juan as a character, and he is the hero of the Mozart opera *Don Giovanni*.

In *Don Giovanni*, the master seducer's score stands at 2,065. In each conquest, he has sought an image of perfect love which he is destined never to find.

David G. is a typical case of "Don Juanism." As he tells it himself: "Before I married, the boys I went around with all said, 'Get it while you can, man, you're a long time married.'

"After I had been married to Velma for about six months, I fell in with the old stag routine of what-your-wife-doesn't-know-won't-hurt-her. Whenever I met a woman the first thought I had was, can I or can't I? I always tried. I told myself this was my superior virility asserting itself.

"When it was over, I would suffer sickening guilt. If the guilt got too painful I anesthetized it with liquor,

and with the hangover would come remorse. For a week or so I would become the dutiful husband and father. Then once again I would start feeling sorry for myself, trapped in the dullness of marriage, and I would be ripe for another conquest.

"To cover my own guilt I took to nagging Velma about money. When I came home from work, the children treated me warily until they discovered what kind of a mood I was in.

"Most evenings I would sit in front of the TV set secretly dreaming of a life of amorous adventure—with me as hero, of course. There were beautiful women waiting to be awakened and here I was in my slippers.

"Velma had found out about several of my adventures and I had promised they wouldn't happen again. But they did happen again and, when she found out once more, I didn't really believe her when she said she was leaving. I even thought it was unfair of her. I guess what I meant without knowing it was that I thought it unfair of her to make me realize

how much I had really hurt her.

"I shall never forget her face that last afternoon when she said, 'You don't know what an effort it is for me to even look at you.'

"After that I told myself that my life was such a mess nothing made any difference. A kind of strange defiance took over. The field was wide open now. I convinced myself I never should have married in the first place. I thought I was being 'honest' when I told each new amour that I was 'only playing'; that I could not and would not 'become involved.' The girls went along with my declaration of independence, figuring perhaps that I didn't really mean it, or that I would forget it when I really fell in love with them—a thing I had no intention of allowing to happen.

"Then one didn't. 'That's very noble of you, Sir Galahad,' she blazed. 'You want me to feel everything for you. You want to be the hero, the lover. You expect all my time and attention but you don't want to "become involved" with me. You want to take everything and give nothing!'

"The next thing I knew I was in the hall picking up my hat and coat from the floor where she had thrown them."

It was the shock of this rejection that brought David to the decision to seek help. He was finally able, with the aid of a psychiatrist, to see that he was seriously ill and

that he had been cheating himself by looking for something that didn't exist. He had been chasing the will-o'-the-wisp of romantic love as a defense against the real, deep love that comes of giving oneself to another, completely and unselfishly.

For it is only by admitting that

he has no control over his promiscuity, and by assessing the damage it is doing to himself and others, that the promiscuous male can hope to get off the merry-go-round. When he fully understands that he is actually running away from real

love and mature sexual satisfaction, he can begin to repair the damage and start to live as a complete and virile man.

He must, in effect, fall out of love with his adolescent picture of himself as a romantic hero if he is ever to be able to give enough of himself to achieve real love.

Most authorities agree that there are five major reasons why men live promiscuously.

1. Promiscuity because of fear of impotency in which the man is constantly proving his virility to himself with one meaningless adventure after another.

2. Promiscuity that arises out of unconscious homosexuality in which the man is aroused by women but not satisfied. He continues to search for satisfaction with women rather than face his deeper problem.

3. Promiscuity used to combat feelings of inferiority and to contin-

*A SALT-FREE DIET
CAN BE DANGEROUS*

A revealing article in
next month's issue
tells why doctors
are concerned about
this latest diet fad.

uously feed a fathomless self-love.

4. Promiscuity based on fear of women and desire for revenge against members of the female sex who rejected him or treated him badly in childhood. This actually represents a deep distrust against ever entering into a loving relationship with one.

Harry T.'s father divorced his mother when he was quite young. The court awarded Harry to his father who, still bitter, refused to let his mother see Harry.

Harry's father married a career woman and the stepmother took little interest in the boy, leaving his upbringing almost entirely to an elderly housekeeper who allowed her charge full rein so long as he didn't bother her.

"I found out about sex from the other boys," Harry says. "But I didn't know it had anything to do with love. It always seemed tied up with hate in my family."

While in the Navy, Harry married a girl he had known only a short time. Just a year later, she wrote him that she had "met someone else" and asked for a divorce.

"I went kind of wild after that," Harry admits. "I decided that nothing mattered except having a good time . . ."

In a few years, Harry met a lovely young girl from a devout family. After a long courtship they were married.

Harry knew that he had had difficulty satisfying his sexual partner. He felt sure, however, that this marriage to a girl he really liked would remedy the situation.

When it did not, he turned again

to other women. After repeatedly finding him out, his wife left him. The shock of losing his lovely wife sent Harry to the family doctor who wisely referred him to a psychologist.

Harry's inability to satisfy his wife or any other woman, the psychologist discovered and made him understand, was sparked by his unconscious desire to revenge himself on women for what he felt they had done to him. All women became for him symbols of the mother who had left him, the indifferent stepmother, the unfaithful first wife.

It took a long time for Harry to win his second wife back. There was a difficult period of readjustment, but they now have a happy marriage and a highly satisfactory sex life.

5. Promiscuity as a substitute for real achievement and to establish self-esteem.

Victor W. is a middle-aged man who has been eminently successful in a very technical and competitive field. Though highly thought of professionally, he worried constantly over money and the status of his business.

Victor was married to a woman several years older than himself and had been promiscuous for almost their entire married life. He had never made any particular secret of his infidelities and his wife reacted by treating him like a rather naughty child. She was ambitious socially and kept urging him to make more money.

The crisis came when Victor broke the cardinal rule of the philanderer by embarking on an affair with a young woman who fell very

much in love with him. He could not bring himself to divorce his wife even when the young girl became pregnant, and she left town after a painful quarrel.

The episode brought Victor to the edge of a breakdown. He was forced to leave his business for a time, which added even more to his anxiety, and enter a hospital.

Victor's mother had been a domineering woman much like his wife. She had also been ambitious for her son and openly contemptuous of her husband. Victor's father, although a weak man, had been a severe disciplinarian.

Victor's life, he discovered with the guidance of a psychologist, had been an unconscious attempt to please his mother; and, at the same time, to overcome his fear of his father by showing, through his promiscuity, what a virile and superior man he was. Furthermore, he had substituted promiscuity for a real sense of achievement and a real feeling of esteem. As a result, his actual achievements were never satisfying to him.

Victor and his wife are now amicably divorced. He is able to enjoy

his business and work without anxiety and nagging doubts as to his ability. He has been able to trace the mother of his child and hopes to convince her that he is capable of real love for her.

It is interesting to note that none of the causes of promiscuity are physical, even in the cases of the rarer "love addicts" who substitute the comfort they receive from physical contact for the responsibilities of real love. For promiscuous men seek to compensate for a sense of inadequacy rather than behaving from any conviction of superior virility.

As one psychiatrist who has long specialized in the specific problems of the promiscuous male points out: "Promiscuity is a disease. Society must learn to recognize the difference between illness and occasional ill-considered behavior. We cannot continue to condemn it on one hand or gloss it over as a mere infidelity on the other. For when the promiscuous male begins to see through his own disguise, his own boasts, and recognizes the emptiness of his inner life, then he can be cured."



Ah, Parenthood!

PARENTS WERE INVENTED to make children happy by giving them something to ignore.

—OGDEN NASH

PEDIATRICIANS EAT—because children don't.

—CARLTON FREDERICKS, *Living Should Be Fun*, WMGM

IT'S REALLY SEVERAL years—but it seems like only a fleeting moment—between your teaching the small boy to ride a bicycle and his telling you how to drive the car.

—FREDERICK SULLENS in *Jackson* (Miss.) News



The Confessions of a Dummy Bum

by GEORGE W. PETERSON
As told to JAMES JOSEPH

POLICE OFFICIALS call George W. Peterson one of the most successful street beggars west of Bagdad. During his coast-to-coast "career" as a fake deaf-mute—a "dummy bum"—he has pocketed more than \$50 on "good" days, kept a sizable bank balance and vacationed first-class. Peterson reveals here for the first time how he and an estimated 4,000 fake deaf mutes mulct a sympathetic and gullible public.—The Editors

THAT CLEVELAND SHOPKEEPER was suspicious the moment I made the traditional lip-to-ear sign of the deaf and dumb and handed him the note. Part way through it, he hesitated and gave me one of those "oh, yeah" looks.

Maybe I should have left while there was still time. But with me it's a challenge—this converting doubters to donors. Besides, it was nearly noon and I'd taken in only five bucks. Get him to read a little farther and he'd be hooked.

I grunted impatiently—as mutes often do—and pointed to the note.

"Dear Friend," it read, "I'm not going to burden you with a long sad story. Here, briefly, is my situ-

ation. I've been in Cleveland only five days. Handicapped as I am, I can't find work. If you can see your way to aid me, I'd be appreciative. Believe me, friend (*comes now the part that sends them digging into their pockets*) this is not habit with me. Next time I come, it'll be as a customer, not as a pleader.

"Thanking you for taking time to read this and wishing you God's blessing, I remain,

"Yours gratefully and sincerely,
"George W. Peterson."

He finished and stood there as if making up his mind. Then it happened. Suddenly, he grabbed a heavy piece of crockery from the counter and hurled it crashing to the floor.

A guy'd have to be deaf not to jump out of his shoes—and my hearing's as good as yours. But I

didn't flick an eyelash or tense a muscle, outwardly.

Inside, though, I was boiling. I was sure he'd hear me thinking, "Look, you cheap so and so, leave off the tricks and give with the donation."

He gave. They always do when they try playing detective and bungle it. Mumbling apologies—he forgot I was supposed to be deaf—he shoved \$2 into my hand. He was almost crying, he was that ashamed.

Work the deaf-mute racket as I have these past six years and nothing surprises you. But the \$20 you pocket on average days, the \$50 to \$100 on the "good" ones, compensate for the characters who drop coins behind you, shout in your ear or slam a door hard to test your "deafness."

LIKE THE OTHER 4,000 fake mutes panhandling across the U.S., I steel myself against tricksters. That's why I concentrate single-mindedly on the person I'm hustling, keep my eyes riveted on his, my senses alert. Concentration acts as a shock-absorber against surprises.

Like most people, you probably figure every mute who raps at your door with a "sad story" note is the McCoy. But not one in four is legit.

Few of the nation's 100,000 deaf have to beg. Most states grant them a nice monthly allowance. Welfare agencies look after them. Trade schools teach them self-sufficiency. Every real mute I've ever met has been a hard worker.

"Dummy bums" like myself, out for easy money, have muscled into what was once a legitimate appeal

to human decency. There isn't a better or faster hustle around than dummy-bumming. Of course, you commit a crime every time you show your begging card, but all you get if you're arrested is maybe 30 days. Soliciting alms is only an offense, legally less serious than running through a red light in many countries.

I seldom beg a place more than two or three days. The way I have it figured, you can work one day for every 100,000 population. After that, it's worked out and dangerous. Then I take a bus to the next place, work it and move on. I steer clear of small towns. You're too apt to be spotted.

During the past six years I've been arrested only four times.

In Columbus, Ohio, the judge gave me 30 days in the workhouse and a \$50 fine. I wouldn't have served the 80 days I did (one day was added for each \$1 of the fine) if they'd have let me wire my bank in Frisco for the money.

It must have been the hot spell that put me off guard in Los Angeles. As always, I was working the sunny side of the street (hustling's best there) and walking facing traffic (that's so some smart cop can't cruise up behind me and blast his horn).

I guess that L.A. cop had me figured. Instead of blasting hard—which wouldn't have budged me—he just gave his horn a little beep. I looked up, more out of curiosity than anything else. And there he was, grinning and beckoning me over.

I played mute for a couple of

***"I work four hours—playing the deaf-mute racket—
and my daily quota is \$20. Holidays, I set it at \$100."***

minutes then came clean, because back at my hotel they knew me as a real talker.

It's the loneliness that gets you in this racket, and keeping your emotions always under tight control. I know many fake mutes who have ulcers.

A couple of months of it and I'm so tied up in knots I need a vacation—and I can afford it. Last year I spent three weeks in Canada, rubber-necking like any other tourist, first-class.

What makes muting so nerve-racking is the unexpected little things. A couple of years ago in Manhattan I walked in off the street, made the sign and handed a druggist my note. He read it quickly—too quickly I thought—and passed it to a bookkeeper working behind the counter.

As she started sign talk I almost flipped! But I got hold of myself and managed to scribble: "Have only been afflicted three months. Haven't learned signs yet."

I got out of there fast. But not before pocketing the druggist's quarter.

Play this racket awhile and you settle down to a regular routine—like anyone in business for himself.

I time my arrival in a new place around suppertime so there's still early evening for sizing up the town. The best bet is an outlying shop-

ping center. The worst is downtown.

If I'm planning a short stay or if the town is "hot," I'm mute at my hotel. In bigger cities, I'm "mute" only during begging hours; but I'm careful to work a long way from where I'm staying.

I always wear clean, freshly pressed trousers, a starched shirt and keep my shoes shined. It pays to look successful—as in any profession. I seldom drink. Can't risk liquor on my breath or the possibility of a slip-up.

At 9 A.M., I start my rounds after typing a freshly-dated begging letter. Some phonies use "I'm a deaf mute" cards. I don't put any faith in them. In this game, you have to sell yourself. Your merchandise is sympathy. You have to tell your story so it'll pay off.

I've spent six years perfecting the two notes I use. If I'm working a business district, I hand out the one that says I'll return as a customer, not as a pleader. Businessmen understand that.

The other is for door-to-dooring work and is aimed at housewives. Its clincher is: "This fall I enter a private school for deaf-mutes. About one-fourth of all the money I earn this way goes toward tuition. Therefore, every job and every dollar will help."

But I'm after dollars, not jobs.

I work four hours—no more—

and my daily quota is usually \$20.

Around Christmas, I set it as high as \$100 a day. Last December, in Stockton, California, I made so much I took an extra vacation as a kind of Christmas present to myself.

Every day's first \$5 are earmarked for my savings account. I stop, buy a money-order and mail it to my bank in Frisco. My balance varies, though I try to hold it around \$1,000.

HOW CAN YOU SPOT a dummy bum? It's difficult, I admit. Professionals like myself know all the tricks. But there's one thing we don't have: genuine identification. In my billfold are Social Security card and testimonial letters (I composed myself). But ask for my peddler's license (as most counties require), or where I live, or a reference from a local welfare agency, and you leave me speechless—so to speak.

If a deaf-mute hasn't bona fide credentials (say from a welfare

agency), he's a dummy bum. You can bet on it. But he's cautious. Often, even the phonies give their addresses.

I was muting down Los Angeles' Wilshire Boulevard once and stopped at a dance studio. The manager looked me over suspiciously and scribbled: "Any identification?"

I brought out my birth certificate and Social Security card. He glanced them over, shook his head and wrote: "Where do you live?"

I was laughing inside because I knew I'd landed a prize dope. Quickly I penciled back: "St. George Hotel." I'd been muting it at the St. George.

In a very business-like manner he dialed it and asked, "Have you a George Peterson registered . . . a deaf-mute?"

You should have seen his face.

He gave me a \$5 bill along with a scribbled: "Hope you'll forgive me. There are so many fakes around these days!"



It Takes All Kinds

INTERIOR DECORATOR: A man who does things to your house he wouldn't dream of doing to his own.

—HERB SHRINER

TOASTMASTER: A gentleman who introduces a gentleman who needs no introduction.

—Quote

PSYCHIATRIST: A doctor who doesn't have to worry so long as other people do.

—Pipe Dreams

HIGHBROW: A person who has the patience to sit through something that would make him a lowbrow if he didn't.

—SAMMY KAYE

AMERICAN: A person who isn't afraid to bawl out the President, but who is always polite to a policeman.

—Automotive Dealers News

What About Those Child Prodigies?

by ROUL TUNLEY



Actually they're neither withdrawn nor sickly, but quite down to earth

NOT LONG AGO, a Midwestern mother learned her son had been given an intelligence test in school and was found to have an IQ of genius level. There had already been disturbing hints of the child's superior intellect—he preferred reading a history book to looking at Hopalong Cassidy, and he went in for mineral-collecting rather than football—but the test was “official” confirmation of a prodigy in the family.

The mother was alarmed. Fearing her child would become sick from overstudy, she limited his reading, locked up his mineral collection and put a brake on his other intellectual pursuits.

“I would rather not have my son a genius,” she told her husband. “Geniuses are sickly, maladjusted, unhappy people. I want him to be normal.”

The lady couldn't have been more wrong. Despite the popular notion to the contrary, child prodigies, by and large, land squarely

on their feet. They usually grow up to be healthier, happier and more successful than the rest of us. And there's nothing short-lived about genius, either.

Perhaps the most optimistic note ever sounded on the subject of prodigies has come from Stanford University in California.

During the past 35 years, Dr. Lewis M. Terman, Stanford University's celebrated psychologist, has been conducting the most complete mass study ever made of children with high IQs.

During the early 1920s, he selected approximately 1,500 children who had an intelligence that many would assume put them well within Webster's definition of genius: “extraordinary mental superiority.” They ranged in age from 3 to 18. Since then, he has been querying, charting and analyzing every stage of their development. When last checked, they had an average age of 43.

The study has gone a long way

toward revising the popular picture of a child prodigy as an overserious, undersized, clumsy, neurotic, tense youngster.

The California psychologist's 1,500 gifted children revealed a completely different picture. Generally speaking, they were found to be bigger, stronger, healthier, brighter, and more stable than other children. In short, *they were just like their schoolmates, only "more so."*

Naturally, their advanced intellect created problems. There was, for example, the seven-year-old boy whose favorite reading was Gibbon's *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. His vocabulary was such that he literally did not speak the same language as his classmates.

In a short time, however, like most gifted children, he made the necessary social adjustment, largely because he had greater intelligence to meet the problem.

As the "Termites" grew up and became adults, a few more old notions went tumbling. The prodigies did not sink back into intellectual mediocrity. One became one of the youngest brigadier generals in the U.S. Army, another a famous actress and playwright. Another directs one of our great atomic laboratories. One has become a prominent judge, another earns well over \$100,000 a year in business.

In the main, they retained the lead they had as youngsters. As adults, they were healthier and stronger. They married and divorced as much as other people, but enjoyed greater marital happiness.

They earned more money and achieved greater success in their professions. They were not inclined to radicalism in politics (there was only one Communist among them). And they had a normal, or below normal, incidence of suicide, delinquency, alcoholism, insanity and personality maladjustment. The child prodigy, grown up, was also more versatile in his interests.

HISTORICAL child prodigies seem to have been just as effective in landing on their feet as their current counterparts.

Mozart, the classic example, at the age of four was composing small pieces of music. At six he made a concert tour before the kings of Europe and at ten had composed his first symphony and was playing the world's largest organ for his own oratorio.

Although he died of typhoid at 35, he had written enough operas, symphonies, concertos and chamber music to give lasting pleasure to people for centuries to come. He had also secured a niche among the top half-dozen musical titans of all time.

Other prodigies of the past, who lived a long life and fulfilled all the promise of a precocious youth, were such people as Perugino, the painter who was already skilled in his art at nine; Horace Greeley, the celebrated journalist who is said to have read the entire Bible when he was five; Thomas Macaulay, the writer who composed a *Compendium of Universal History* at eight; and John Trumbull, the great jurist and poet who passed the entrance

examinations for Yale at seven.

Many a parent, manager or backer has ruined the inborn talent of a child prodigy by being anxious to make money out of it. Others have shown off their offspring in order to gratify their own vanity. Still others have pushed prodigies to creative exhaustion out of sheer ignorance.

This is particularly true in the musical world. Ruth Slenczynski, for example, made a sensational debut as a pianist at the age of six in Berlin. Later, she repeated her triumph in Manhattan. But by adolescence, her celebrity was finished. Grisha Goluboff, a violin prodigy, played a successful recital in New York City at nine, but soon disappeared completely from the musical scene.

On the other hand, most prodigies, if allowed to develop normally, sustain their early intellectual lead right into adulthood.

One of the best known prodigies of our own time is the famous violinist, Yehudi Menuhin, now 39 years of age. At 11, wearing shorts and an open shirt, he performed Beethoven's "Violin Concerto" with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra with such technical virtuosity and mature musical insight that both critics and public were unable to believe it.

"It's all but impossible," said the reviewers, in effect. Even the members of the orchestra wept. Overnight, the young Yehudi became the biggest single concert attraction in the world.

Nor was his genius confined merely to the concert stage. He could read Dante in Italian, Descartes in French, Shakespeare in English.

In Europe, shortly after his triumph in New York, he was introduced to Queen Marie of Rumania. He refused to kiss her hand. Taken aback, she asked the young violinist

if he had ever met a queen before.

"Madame," he replied, "in America, every woman is a queen!"

The late queen was unable to top this, and is reported to have silently handed him a book of fairy tales.

Today, Menuhin is still one of the half dozen most successful and be-

loved artists appearing on the concert stages of five continents. But what is equally interesting is that, although he was divorced from his first wife with whom he had two children, he is now happily married, has two more children, and is universally known for his good humor, balance, enthusiasm, and, above all, his serenity.

His record, like that of the Terman prodigies, would seem to prove that the extraordinarily gifted child is different *only in that he is capable of more.*

Another contemporary, who had a mammoth IQ as a child and who grew up without any lessening of his intellectual powers, is Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the celebrated physicist. He now directs the Institute for Advanced Study at



Princeton, a unique treasury of adult brains whose members have included such distinguished world figures as the late Albert Einstein, Niels Bohr, T. S. Eliot and Arnold Toynbee.

Despite all the data now available, we still don't know what makes a prodigy. We do know, however, that it's a hereditary gift and seems to be tied up with the genes—those magic little parts of the chromosomes which are responsible for transmitting traits from one generation to another.

Occasionally, the genes toss into the world's lap someone with enormous inborn talent, physical and mental energy, a disciplined intellect and great powers of concentration.

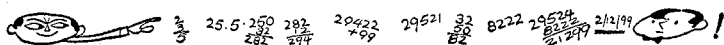
We know further that history usually supports the theory that there

is no such thing as "evil genius." People like Hitler, who may seem for a while to possess the attributes of genius, invariably appear to possess a strong mixture of stupidity that contains the seeds of their own downfall.

Prodigies, it seems, do not result from the age of parents, order of birth or size of families. They are more apt to be found in a family where parents create a climate of curiosity, intellect and stability. The record also shows that the children of gifted persons are apt to be gifted, too.

If you are faced with such a situation, psychologists say, don't try to hold your child back. This can be frustrating and harmful. In short, the best advice is to relax and enjoy it. And your child prodigy will, too.

Birthdate Trick



You don't have to tell me—I'll tell you the exact date of your birth. Just do as I say:

1. Put down the number of the month in which you were born, taking January as month No. 1.
2. Add to this the next higher number in sequence.
3. Multiply by 5.
4. Add a zero to the right of your total.
5. Add any number less than 100 to your result. Tell me the number you added.
6. Now add the day of the month in which you were born.
7. Write down any number less than 100, tell it to me, and place this to the right of your result.
8. Add the last two numerals of the year of your birth.
9. Tell me your total and I will tell you your birthday—year, month and day. (Answer on page 86.)

—ROYAL VALE HEATH, *Math E Magic* (Dover Publications, Inc.)

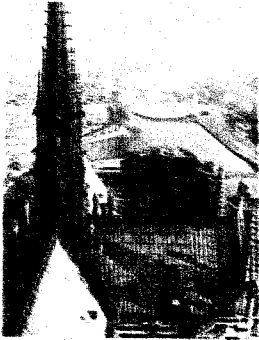


So Many Girls in Europe

APRIL IN PARIS . . . foggy . . . autumn in Rome—glamorous, exciting, and so different from American working girls in European capitals. But even Dorothy Blake (above), movie starlet in Rome, admits the attractions have drawbacks, also

PHOTOGRAPH BY ORMOND GILL

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Paris

As a newcomer in Paris, she found the loneliness hard to combat . . .

MARIE ROCKWELL came to Paris from her New York home in the fall of 1954. Since then, she has worked as a children's nurse in Morocco, a receptionist at the Geneva conference, social secretary to an ambassador's wife and buyer for an American gift service. With the latter occupying only her mornings, she took other jobs to fill out her income. One of them: conducting fellow Americans on a weekend tour through Paris for a travel agency. Her fee—5,000 francs (\$16) plus expenses.

Later, hat designers and custom jewelers loaned Marie dazzling creations for social gatherings—with the proviso that she direct impressed guests to them. But as a newcomer in Paris, she found loneliness hard to combat. The 15,000 Americans who live there have few common bonds, and the French rarely invite strangers into their homes. "The first few weeks, I was in bed every night by 10 P.M.," Marie reminisces. "If I hadn't started a conversation with some English-speaking girls in a café one day, I would probably still be lonely."



Marines get a smile . . .



... plus stateside chatter from Marie on tour through the Place de la Concorde.



Paris

BY GUY DE MAURENDY

"Paris is such a melting pot. You meet every nationality here . . ."

SUSAN WILSHIRE, 25, a Greenwich, Conn., girl, decided to go to Europe when her marriage broke up. She sold her engagement ring for passage money and soon settled in Paris as a model. "Finding an apartment was more difficult than finding work," she says. "I miss American dress stores . . . and long for that simple, chic American look." Her major spare-time preoccupation: photography. Susan also loves to ski and took off six weeks last year for snow sport. After almost two years abroad, she feels: "I understand our country and its policies much better, looking back at it from here."

American dress designer Alan Graham shares fun of sidewalk café society.





At Givenchy's salon, her calm naturalness makes Susan popular as model.

"I miss Idaho potatoes, baseball games, supermarkets most of all..."



V I E N N A



MIMI GANTZ, 32, hails from Cincinnati, Ohio, and worked on newspapers in Chicago and New York. She fell in love with Vienna—"its congenial, leisurely pace and wonderful, low-cost music"—on a Christmas holiday in 1949 and resolved to work there. Luck and good references landed her jobs with the Marshall Plan agency in Austria and later with the U.S. Information Service. Today she works in the Vienna News Bureau of Radio Free Europe on broadcasts for countries behind the Iron Curtain.

Mimi is delighted with her high-ceilinged apartment (minus central heating) which overlooks a lovely park—and is often amused by Viennese formality: "Even the plumber says, 'I kiss your hand, gracious lady,' in German as he leaves."

On shopping tour she passes the Hofburg, former Hapsburg imperial palace.

CORONET



Mimi helps boss Russell Hill tape-record a newscast at bureau studio.

In Vienna, Mimi Gantz enjoys going to concerts and operas, eating gooey pastries and drinking strong coffee with friends in cafés. On dates, she dances in small nightclubs where music is "American popular with a Viennese accent," and she runs to ski resorts in winter ("I don't ski, but I like to dress in ski clothes and drink hot chocolate with *schlag*—whipped cream—while the others break legs.") One problem she faces: "Buying clothes for a size 12 American figure." Yet, Mimi is happy: "There is a lot of America I'd like to transplant in Vienna—and vice versa."



Publicist Jeanne Gilbert perpetually rushes in and out of cabs, to greet new arrivals, see departing guests off, and to attend important receptions.



ROMA

ENTE PROVINCIALE PER IL TURISMO DI ROMA

*"I know I'll enjoy America more
for having learned about Europe..."*

EVE SANDEFFER, 28, reached Rome from Topeka, Kan., via NBC in New York, where an Italian designer's promise of a job encouraged her to hop a boat. There she produces radio and TV features for U.S. networks. After being overseas nearly two years, Eve grins: "I still haven't heard enough Neapolitan ballads."

For \$50 a month, she shares 6-room garden flat complete with terrace.



*"My office is always full of Americans
who call it 'the 49th State' . . ."*

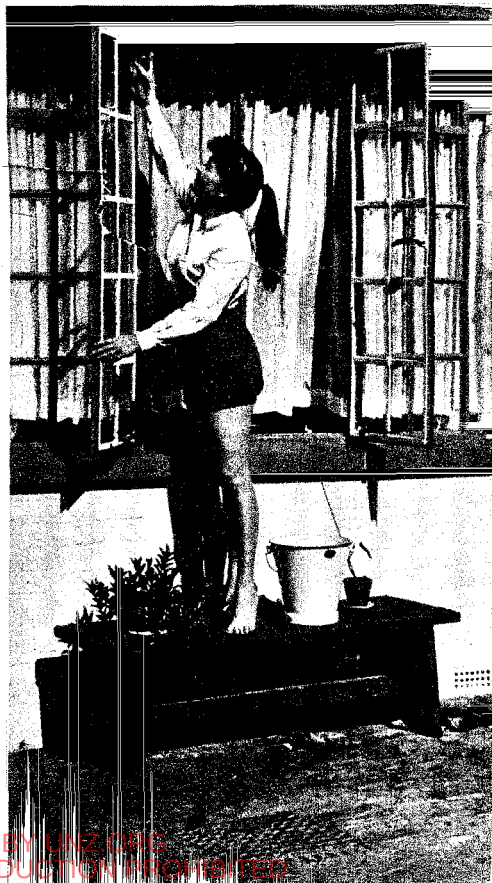


JEANNE GILBERT, 26-year-old ex-schoolteacher from the Kentucky mountains, moves in London's most fashionable circles as director of public relations for the Savoy hotel chain. The hotels wanted an American to handle U.S. tourists; her publicity background—and sunny efficiency—got her the job.

Leaving Kentucky for New York to become a writer, Jeanne got sidetracked often—into modelling, marriage, a literary agency, public relations work. Now divorced, she devotes every spare moment to her daughter, age 6. She plays American records (mostly Burl Ives') all day at the office to stimulate her work.

Englishmen, Jeanne insists, frequent too many clubs to make good husbands but she confesses to "eyeing a certain peer" wistfully.

Days off, she does chores around her fashionably-located, four-room house (cost: \$160 a month, with housekeeper).



APRIL, 1956

PRODUCED BY LINZ DREIS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was just a wristwatch—but on this Japanese Devil's Island, it measured not only time, but honor

Dr. Bruining and Sergeant Monkey

by KLAAS ALBERTUS VLIK, as told to AUGUST G. LOCKWOOD

I WILL NEVER FORGET Dr. Bruining and the courage he displayed on a windswept island near Singapore in the summer of 1944. A gentle, mild-mannered man with a soft voice and compassionate eyes, Dr. Bruining was a symbol and an inspiration to the 1,050 men held prisoner there.

The English called the place Little Resin, but to us it was Devil's Island. Banana and coconut trees, mangroves and badly neglected rubber trees covered it except for a narrow strip to its center where barbed wire enclosed our barracks, a dozen flimsy wood shacks with corrugated iron roofs.

The camp commander was a sergeant with ape-like arms and an ugly face. We called him Sergeant Monjet, which means Sergeant Monkey. Like the other camp

guards, he was a combat veteran and this was his rest camp. To him, we were not prisoners, we were slaves.

Although international law decreed that prisoners must not be forced to contribute to an enemy's war effort, the Japanese forced us to labor on a huge dock under construction in Singapore. Clad only in *tjawats*, loin cloths, we wielded primitive shovels and pickaxes in a gigantic excavation we called "The Pit."

Those of us who were ill or injured sought out Dr. Bruining, I no longer remember his first name. He had no surgical instruments and little medicine. The Japanese gave him only a few aspirin tablets and, occasionally, quinine. We were dreadfully weak because we were fed only rice and the shredded leaves

of sweet potato plants, with a bit of fish from time to time.

Dr. Bruining bound up our sores with scraps of clothing; he made up stories of fantastic Allied victories to cheer those who spoke of suicide . . . and he begged and pleaded with Sergeant Monjet for vitamin pills to keep us alive.

Sergeant Monjet laughed at him.

"If you want these men to work, you must give me medicines," Dr. Bruining told him. "Dead men can't build a dock."

Sergeant Monkey scowled, but Dr. Bruining got a small amount of medicines which he doled out sparingly to the bedridden.

Our respect for the doctor was obvious and, because of this, Sergeant Monjet set out to make him lose face before us.

To humiliate him, the sergeant demanded as a gift the wristwatch the doctor wore. We knew he could simply snatch it if he wished. But he demanded the doctor present it to him.

"No," Dr. Bruining said firmly.

Sergeant Monjet struck him savagely in the face, knocking him to the ground. The doctor struggled to his feet . . . and the sergeant kicked him viciously.

"Give watch," he said.

"No," the doctor whispered, spitting blood.

"I ask again tomorrow," the sergeant said and walked away laughing.

Day after day the ordeal continued until Dr. Bruining's face was a mass of ugly cuts and welts. When he sat, he lowered himself slowly and gently because his rump was

badly bruised from the brutal kicks.

Nevertheless, he went among us patiently listening to our pains, examining our sores, before he tended to his own. We felt renewed hope and courage each time we saw him . . . and his wristwatch. He wore it like a medal of honor and that is what it was to us.

"It measures time . . . and manhood," he told us. "If I give it up, I will have much time to realize I have little manhood."

Sergeant Monkey became furious. He beat the doctor unconscious in front of the guardhouse and, afterwards, left him lying face down in the dirt.

When the doctor revived and struggled to his feet, Monjet ordered: "Doctor stand here at attention until morning. Give watch and no have to stand."

Dr. Bruining said grimly, "I will not give up the watch."

"You will," said Monkey and went into the guardhouse, pleased with what he had devised.

The doctor stood there, a small, dejected figure, clearly visible from the barracks. Monjet wanted us to see him suffer . . . and surrender.

It was then three hours before sunset. Could he stand rigidly at attention for twelve hours? Monjet was certain he could not . . . and so were we.

Head erect, Dr. Bruining stood without moving a muscle . . . for an hour. Then he fell to his knees. Monjet raced out of the guardhouse and beat him with the fury of a madman, then forced him back to attention again.

"Give watch," he demanded

with outstretched hand. The doctor shook his head. Twice again Monjet demanded the watch . . . and the doctor refused. Some of us wept in helpless anger as we watched the terrible tableau.

"If he can hold out until after it's dark," a prisoner suggested, "one of us can crawl out and take his place."

Instantly, more than twenty volunteered. They knew they risked a terrible beating if Monjet came out of the guardhouse during the night to taunt the doctor and discovered a substitute in his place . . . but they welcomed the risk.

Two who resembled the doctor in height and stature were finally chosen. I believe their first names were Piet and Roel.

The moonlight was frighteningly bright when they crawled from the barracks. We watched them inch across the dusty assembly field, until finally they crouched at the doctor's feet. We prayed that Monkey and the guards were not alert.

As Piet stealthily stood up behind him, Dr. Bruining collapsed in the dust. Roel began dragging him back toward the barracks. Moving only

a few inches . . . and halting for many minutes . . . they slowly approached. At last they reached our building.

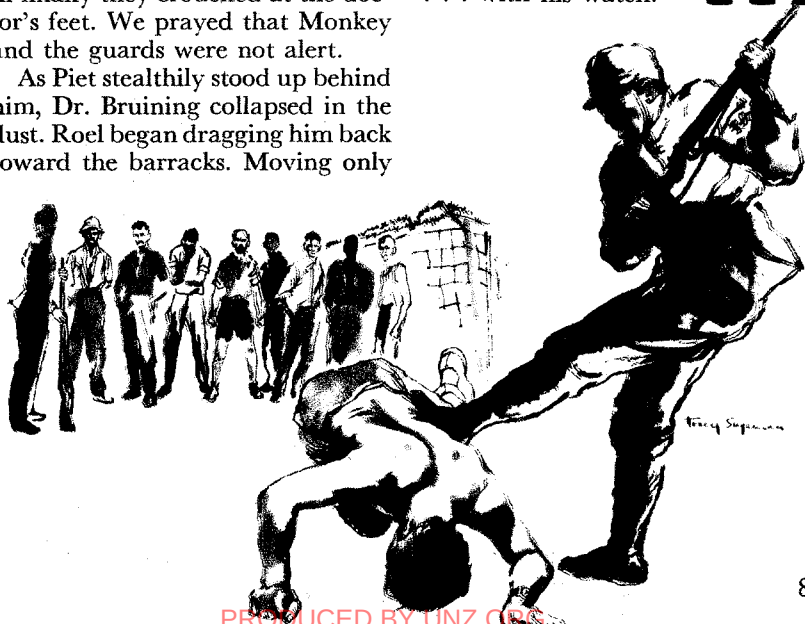
We hid Dr. Bruining and stood guard while he slept restlessly. Just before dawn he crawled back to the guardhouse and Piet returned.

When the sun rose, Monjet found Dr. Bruining standing at attention . . . still wearing his watch. He beat him unconscious.

"Take him to barracks," Monjet ordered and two prisoners carried the doctor to his quarters.

Monjet beat him several times during the next few days, but the doctor would not yield his watch. Then, unexpectedly, Monjet was transferred. The new commander had no interest in Dr. Bruining.

It was more than a year before we were liberated—a year of starvation, toil, disease, death—and Dr. Bruining returned to Holland . . . with his watch. 



*In this warm tribute to his partner of 30 years,
George Burns tells how Gracie became as
wonderful a mother as she is a trouper*

"I Love Her, That's Why!"

by GEORGE BURNS

TALKING ABOUT GRACIE is very hard for me. Why? I love her, that's why. I can talk about a performance she gave, or a joke she told, or how pretty she looked, but to try to tell you what she is like, really like . . .

I think she's the greatest: the best wife, the best mother, and the best sport—a real dead-on dame. To sum up my feeling about Gracie, I might say I have only one complaint: my wife understands me.

Gracie is very positive. When she decided to become a mother, she *became* a mother. In 1935, things were going well. We came to Hollywood and made a series of "Big Broadcast" pictures for Paramount, and one picture called "Many Happy Returns." Then we started a new radio show in New York called "The Adventures of Gracie," and moved from the Edison Hotel to the Essex House.

One night we were standing in the living room, looking out of the big window at Central Park. It was beautiful—all dark and velvety with a sprinkling of lights. I felt great.

Full of that full-stomach, pretty-home, five-year-contract, we-wowed-'em feeling. I put my arm around Gracie and said, "You know, Google, if we never have more than this, we have more than anybody."

Gracie said, "Yes, we've got everything, except the most important thing."

I said, "What's that?"

She said, "Children."

This surprised me, because when we were first married, we both wanted children. Later, Gracie was the one who said, "No." We had no money, and were on the road all the time. Gracie thought it was unfair to children to drag them all over the country. I remember her words exactly: "I don't want a child I have to tie to a chair while we're out entertaining," she said. "I've seen too many of them, poor babies. I want a child when we can afford to give it a proper home." When that time came, it just never happened.

Now when she brought up the subject I didn't know exactly how to react, because I hadn't given it



George and Gracie Allen with their adopted children, Ronnie, 20, and Sandra, 21.

much thought. I knew Gracie had and that she had felt the need greatly, but because of her chronic good sportsmanship, Gracie never complained about not being a mother. And along with the good sportsmanship went the quality of never compromising. Anything that was done had to be done the right way, including having children.

I wasn't against it, I wasn't for it; if she wanted it, okay.

"Well, how do you want to go about it?" I asked.

"It's very simple," she said. "I want to adopt a baby."

"All right," I said. "When?"

"Tomorrow."

She took the first train in the morning to Chicago and went to

the Cradle. It seems she and Mrs. Florence Walwrath, the founder of the Cradle, had been having long-distance telephone conversations. Mrs. Walwrath is a wonderful woman who has made hundreds of children and parents happy with her adoption service. These two girls got along just great. Gracie, as usual, knew exactly what she wanted, and Mrs. Walwrath understood perfectly. Gracie wanted a girl—a girl named Sandy Burns.

Mrs. Walwrath took all our particulars, and the red tape started to unfold. I think Gracie was terribly disappointed—she didn't know it would all take so long. Instead of going home with a baby, she was told to go home and they would

call her in a few months: "Don't call us; we'll call you."

The next four months were the most hectic of our lives. Gracie worked herself to death being a mother before she was one. She bought toys, furniture, and enough little clothes to outfit Singer's Midgets for a two-year run. Every time the phone rang she jumped for it faster than she ever had when we were hungry and waiting for a call from our agent.

She hired this horse—or rather this nurse; she looked like a horse. We were both scared to death of her and she knew it. She also knew how anxious Gracie was to have everything perfect for the baby, and she took outrageous advantage of us because of it. She was stage-managing the show weeks before the baby arrived.

Then one day the Chicago call came through, and Mrs. Walwrath said, "Come and get your baby!"

GRACIE FLEW OUT of there faster than Owen McGiviney, the quick-change artist, could take off his hat. The minute she was gone, I called about twenty of our friends and invited them to a homecoming party for Sandy, and I can tell you now, the Palace never made me as nervous as staging this show. The nurse didn't approve, but that didn't stop me; she wasn't invited.

When Gracie arrived at the Cradle, Mrs. Walwrath brought out a baby all wrapped up in a blanket and handed it to Gracie. Gracie took the baby in her arms and looked down at it. The baby just didn't look like Gracie expected

Sandy to look. Gracie didn't say anything, but Mrs. Walwrath, that wonderful woman, sensed it.

"Heavens!" she said, "I think we've picked the wrong baby for you—I'd forgotten how tiny you were. We always like to have the babies as much like the parents as possible. Let me show you our little five-week-old girl—she's one of the smallest babies we've ever had."

They brought out the other baby. Gracie took one look and said, "That's Sandy."

It was a good thing they made such an effort to match the small baby with the small parent. Sandy is now five feet eight.

This party was the best sociable I've ever been to. Here we were with all our friends: Jack and Mary Benny, Blossom Seely and Benny Fields, Tom Fitzpatrick, Jesse Block and Eva Sully, Abe and Frances Lastfogel, Lou Holtz, Jack and Flo Haley, Orry Kelly, Jane and Goodie Ace, and more—all of them show people. And in that large group of people, not one of them had a baby. Ours was the first. The way they acted, you'd have thought they never saw one, let alone had one. I, of course, took one look, and it was the same as with Gracie—this was Sandy. She looked up at me with that steady, no-nonsense look she never outgrew, and I thought, now I've got two of them; this is another real dead-on dame.

Gracie let me take the baby around to show her off. I showed her off right. They got to see her in the proper order, according to their billing at the time. Blossom Seely

was first; she was headlining the Palace that week. Jack Benny was second; he was next to closing at the Riverside. When I pulled back the blanket for him to look he said, "Oh, my God, how can anything be so small?" Yesterday, he went to see Sandy's baby daughter and he said, "Oh, my God, how can anything be so small?" In twenty years, no new material. His success must be due to his delivery.

Anyway, we were having the time of our lives and so was Sandy. Even at five weeks she was very poised. Everybody was talking and cooing and upstaging each other in front of Sandy's basket, when there was the loudest *shhhhhhh!* you ever heard, and that cop-nurse came in, took the baby away, and told us we would have to be quiet. But the party went on in whispers. It seems everybody was reminded of a baby story.

We were a sensation in our crowd from then on. We did matinees with the bath routine. Friends took to dropping in to watch this act. I allowed them in billing order, as before. Poor Larry Reilly was the last one to see Sandy take her bath—he was laying off. We had a real run with this baby monopoly, and then the Bennys spoiled everything by getting Joanie. This competition affected business for a while, but it didn't change our point of view that this was the only baby that existed.

One night we were looking out the window at the park. I had Sandy in my arms. I turned to Gracie and said, "Well, Googie, now we do have everything."

"Everything except a boy," she said, still looking out the window.

"When?" I said, as if I didn't know.

Five minutes later, she put in that Chicago call again.

When we got word the baby was due, we moved to a triplex in the Lombardy on which we had to take a two-year lease. Here we had space upstairs for the kids not to be disturbed. Gracie bought more stuff, this time for a boy. She bought everything except a tuxedo for him. We bought a car so the kids could be driven to the park, and hired a chauffeur, because we couldn't drive. We also hired a cook, because up to now we had always eaten in restaurants.

We had a harder time deciding on a name this time. I wanted to call him Allen Burns, after both of us, but Gracie said that was too theatrical. Then she said, "Of course, my favorite nickname for a boy is Ronnie." Our son's name is Ronald.

We didn't have as long a wait this time; the baby was premature. I was upset when Gracie arrived with Ronnie. She held him out to me and said, "Nat, I took one look at him and fell in love with his eyes. He's not well, but we can make him well." This was something I hadn't bargained for. I saw what she meant about the eyes. They were enormous, dark, and sad, in a tiny, pinched white face. I said, "Gracie, wait a minute—I don't mind a responsibility, but I do mind a sickly one." Gracie said, "That's the same chance we would have taken if we'd had him. Nat, look at those eyes." I did. She was right.

After Sandy's roly-poly first year,

Ronnie was a hard baby to care for at first. He was a real sick little guy. He couldn't be bathed except in oil, he had to be wrapped in cotton all the time, and he didn't gain enough. Actually, it took him about seven years to catch up with himself, physically. Now, we're afraid he'll never stop. The small white face is now brown from endless hours on a surfboard. There is a great deal of

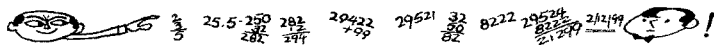
muscle involved, he's six feet one and still growing, and I imagine he has to beat the girls off with a stick.

We thought, when the kids were little, there never was and never could be anything like them. And then twenty years later, Sandy had Laurie.

I hate to brag, but we're one up on the group again. Ours is the first grandchild.

Birthdate Trick

(How to do trick on page 68)



Here is how it is done:

Suppose you were born February 12, 1899. According to the schedule, you do the following:

1. Put down the month. 2
2. Add the next higher number. 3
- 5
3. Multiply by 5. 25
4. Add a zero to the right. 250
5. Add any number under 100 (let us say 32)—you tell me this number before you add it to 250. 282
6. Add the day of the month. 12
- 294
7. You take another number under 100, tell it to me and place it at the right. Thus, if you take 22. 29422
8. You add the last two figures of your birth year and tell me the result. 99
- 29521

While you are doing all this, I:

1. Add 50 to the first number you told me in step 5. 32
- 50
- 82
2. Add the second number you told me in step 7 to the right of 82, thus. 8222
3. Now, I subtract this 8222 from the final total you give me, thus:

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Your result} \dots\dots 29521 \\ \text{Deduct} \dots\dots 8222 \\ \hline 21299 \end{array}$$

4. Now I mark off 2/12/99 and get February 12, 1899.

Bored with crowded superhighways? Many fascinating vacation surprises await if you'll just . . .

TAKE THE BACK ROADS!

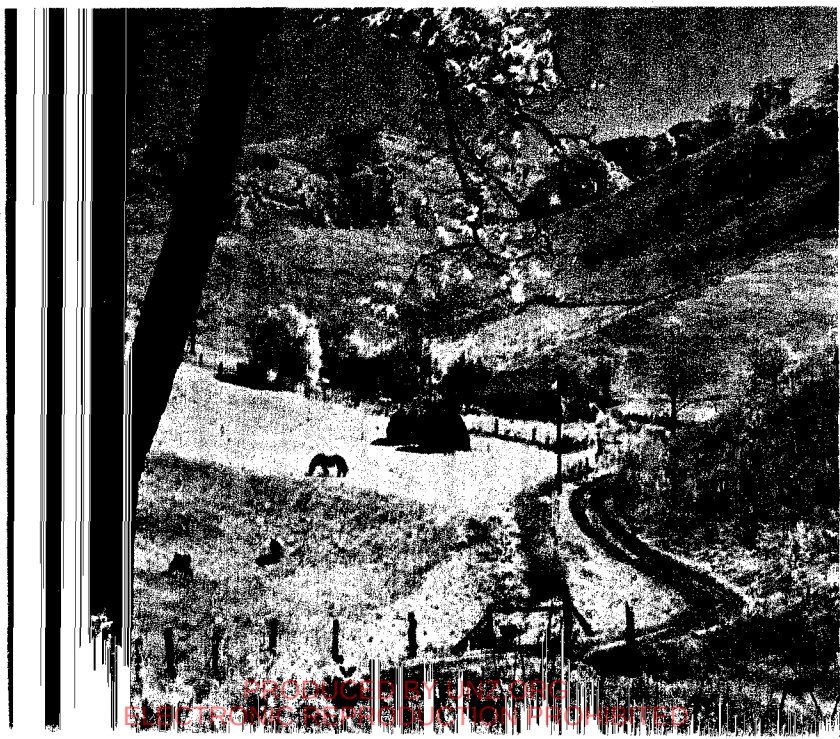
by NORMAN CARLISLE

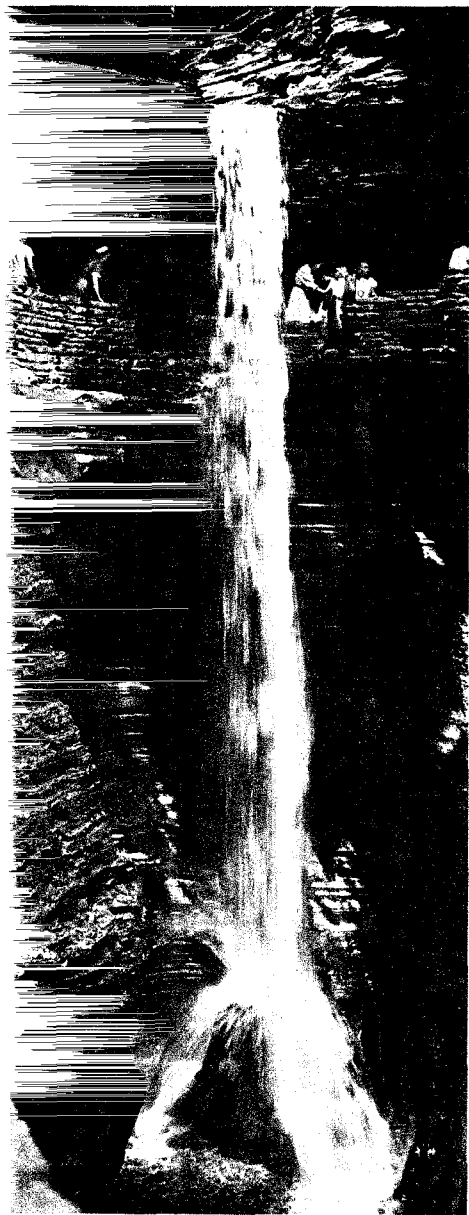
LET'S GET OUT and dig for buried treasure!" The suggestion, coming from our ten-year-old son, was not a farfetched one.

Pulling the car to the side of the road, we all piled out and, agreeing on a spot amid mangroves and palmettos, began to dig. We really didn't expect to find any lost pirate treasure, of course. And yet, it was a bit thrilling to know that such was not a stark impossibility.

For we were in a region where pirate riches may actually lie buried—

Narrow North Carolina back road winds past farm in the Great Smoky Mountains.





Watkins Glen, N. Y., boasts gorge over two miles long, 18 spectacular cascades.

millions of dollars in jewels, pieces of eight and bars of gold. We were walking on the very sands that Blackbeard and other buccaneers of the Spanish Main once trod.

Yet we were just a few miles from a main highway on which hundreds of tourists were speeding by. We were enjoying a part of Florida that only a small percentage of visitors to that state ever see, lovely Amelia Island, easily reached by turning off U.S. 1 onto Florida's A1A, appropriately called the "Buccaneer Trail."

Once again we thanked our lucky stars that we had discovered the secret that gave us this experience. What was it? Simply that you can add new zest to vacation travel by taking *detours for fun.*

For years, like millions of others, we had picked a destination for our vacation trip and then chosen a direct main route to it—over heavily traveled U.S. highways. Time and again we woke up too late to the fact that we could have gone just a few miles out of our way and enjoyed some scenic wonder, historic shrine or chance for outdoor recreation.

A tourist we talked to in Asheville, North Carolina, had just come down through Tennessee, and only when he was consulting a map that evening did he discover that a slight detour could have given his family a chance to see the famous city of Oak Ridge and its Atomic Energy Museum. He was wondering how many years it would be before he had another chance at this lost opportunity.

The way to make sure you'll have

no such regrets is to get advance information. Every state with tourist attractions has a department devoted to supplying the kind of information you'll want. A postcard addressed to "Tourist Information Bureau" at the state capital will bring you folders, booklets, and an official road map of the state, packed with special information about scenic attractions.

And along with other travel and regional books, your public library probably has a set of *The American Guide Series*, which devotes a book to each state and details trips through them. Some of the older editions are outdated as to highway numberings, but the wonders they describe remain unchanged.

You are sure to find yourselves excited by things you never heard of before. You'll be astonished, too, at the literally hundreds of national monuments and forests, state parks, and points of historic interest that lie off the beaten track.

When planning your detours for fun, remember that a byway doesn't have to be lined solid with marvels to be well worth traveling. Half the fun of summer side-tripping is in getting onto back roads where you see unspoiled countryside free of billboards, touring come-ons, trucks and heavy traffic.

You never saw a bearded Amishman and his bonneted wife in a horse-drawn buggy along the Pennsylvania Turnpike; but they live right off it a short way. Wyoming cowboys don't commonly ride herd on U.S. 30. The tourist speeding along U.S. 6 in Pennsylvania has only to turn down State 660 and

drive 10 miles to see the 820-foot deep Grand Canyon there.

HERE ARE SOME side trips that will give you an idea of the attractions in store for you when you take detours for fun.

Let's say you're from the mid-Atlantic states and are bound for Niagara Falls, or that you're headed for New England or the Thousand Islands country. Turn off a national highway like 6 and drive through lovely southern New York countryside to Elmira, a city Mark Twain regarded as comfortably typical of America's best. He would still be at home in Elmira, where you can see Quarry Farm, the home he lived and worked in, and his burial place. His study is on the elm-shaded campus of Elmira College, first in America to give degrees to women on an equal footing with men.

Out of Elmira, travel up N.Y. 14,



Picturesque trail on Jekyll Island, one of many islands dotting Georgia coast.

getting a superb view of the Horseheads, the strange hill formations which are the scene of the National Soaring Contests. Soar planes leave for their long flights into the blue from Harris Hill, a photogenic height that rises 859 feet above the valley.

Eighteen miles farther on you come to Watkins Glen, one of the most spectacular bits of scenery in the East. In this rocky declivity, there are 18 waterfalls. You can view this wonderland from an overlook 165 feet above the water.

Now turn off on N.Y. 224 and 13 and stop to see another scenic glen, at Buttermilk Falls State Park.

Then travel four miles more and you arrive at Ithaca, Cornell's historic campus "high above Cayuga's waters," which is, in the words of one tourist, "beautiful enough to be a national park." Eight miles north of the city, on N.Y. 89, is Taughannock Falls.

To wind up your side trip, you can stop at Cayuga Lake State Park to bask on the sandy beach or go for a swim before you resume your northward journey, which will quickly take you back to the New York State Thruway.

HOW MUCH DID this satisfying look at the Finger Lakes region cost in miles? That would depend on your exact point of departure and destination, but on a trip from Eastern Pennsylvania to Niagara Falls we figured the extra miles at just 35.

Those who visit Great Smoky Mountains National Park can easily take a side trip that is one of the

most rewarding we have ever discovered.

Assuming you're emerging from the Park's south boundary on U.S. 441, turn west on U.S. 19 to N.C. 28. A drive through richly beautiful forest takes you to 10,670-acre Fontana Lake, the sparkling body of water created by Fontana Dam, highest dam east of the Rockies.

The dam itself, towering 482 feet above its base, is an exciting man-made wonder, and you can walk into the powerhouse lobby where your feet will tingle to the hum of mighty generators. If you want to stay and boat or fish, as you may well be tempted to do when you see the inviting spots on the lake's 248-mile shoreline, you'll find plenty of facilities for both, as well as a pool for swimming nearby.

Continue on 28 to U.S. 129, then turn south past Lake Santeetlah, a lovely mountain lake whose clear blue waters reflect the towering Snowbird Mountains. When you reach U.S. 19, you arrive at Top-ton. Nearby, you'll see Nantahala Gorge, a canyon with walls 2,000 feet high, spectacular rock formations, and the profusion of trees, shrubs and flowers that grace the Great Smokies region.

Now turn back on 19 to Andrews, where you will find the start of one of America's most beautiful woodland roads—the Forest Service Road (it has no state number) through Nantahala National Forest. Prepare yourself for superb views of the Snowbirds; Wayah Bald, a 5,335-foot peak which you will find covered with wild flowers if you happen to be there in June; Stand-

ing Indian Mountain and other peaks.

You emerge five miles south of Franklin, a pleasing mountain town of 2,000, which has numerous overnight accommodations.

If you're headed north, you can swing up N.C. 28 and stop 10 miles up the line for more stunning scenery on the Little Tennessee River, which will give you a sweeping panoramic view of what mountain folk thereabouts vow is "the purtiest country this side of heaven."

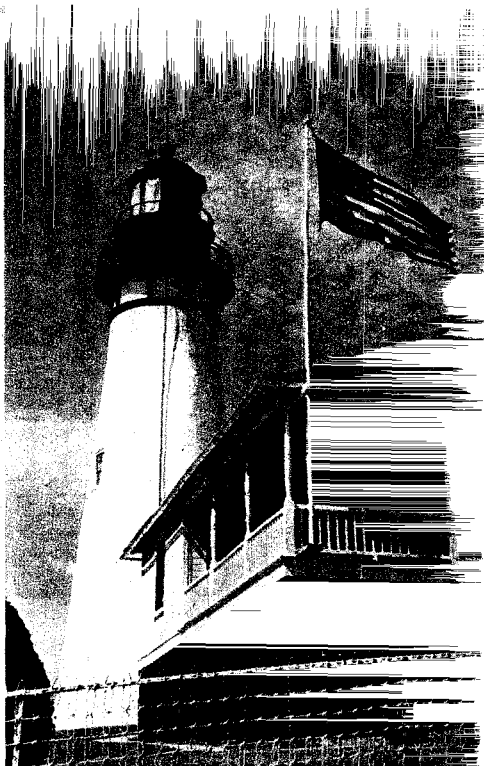
If you're traveling in the deep South—in Georgia, let's say—you'll find this state particularly well supplied with good state highways running east and west. They will invite you to see a part of Dixie you don't find on the main highways.

Take Georgia 32, for instance, which parallels U.S. 82 for miles. Here is truckless, easy travel that will give you glimpses of Georgia's famed peach orchards; and such historic spots as the wooded area near the little town of Irwinville, where Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, was captured.

Continue down U.S. 25 and 341 and you're ready for another memorable Georgia side trip. It will cost you 50c to drive out on the toll road across to St. Simons Island, in the bright waters of St. Catherine's Sound.

American history seems close here, for this is where Aaron Burr sought refuge after his duel with Alexander Hamilton. Here, too, under the very live oaks that flourish today, John and Charles Wesley preached stirring sermons to the Indians.

A little-known national monu-



Lighthouse marks Amelia Island, old pirate haunt, just off main Florida route.

ment on the Island is Fort Frederica, where are the remains of a fort built in 1736 by the British who halted the Spanish nearby in the battle of Bloody Marsh. The crumbling walls are made of "tabby," a mixture of oyster shells, lime and sand.

To wind up your side trip there's Georgia's ocean playground, famed Sea Island, on the same road.

No part of the country is lacking in possibilities, but few states present such spectacular opportunities for off-trail trips as California. Anyone who hasn't driven out across the Mojave Desert on an unmarked

road that twists and turns among the Joshua trees and greasewood, hasn't really seen California.

And there's the wonderful side trip through the Mother Lode country on California's highway 49. This road does what its number hints—traces the route of the golden days of '49, when the miners panned for fortunes in the tumbling streams of the Sierra foothills.

If you're coming down U.S. 40, take 49 at Auburn, whose Old Town still boasts the very buildings in which the miners roistered, and stored and spent their gold.

Turning south on 49 you come to Coloma, where James Marshall looked with dazzled eyes at the nugget that started the gold rush. Marshall's cabin is now protected by a 23-acre park.

Here in the Mother Lode streams you can rent a pan and actually have the thrill of seeing glittering flecks in the bottom.

Continue along 49 through some

of America's most beautiful foothill country—a region where orchards of apples, pears, plums and countless other fruits blend with pine and live oaks in a lavish outburst of natural beauty. You come to one famous gold rush town after another—Drytown, Amador City, Sutter Creek, Angel's Camp—until finally you reach the one which may be considered the climax of your adventure into the excitement of gold rush days—Columbia.

Here you really live in the romantic past, for the state has acquired and preserved a 12-block section of the old business district. There are saloons with batwing doors, the Wells Fargo office with its iron gates, hotels with ginger-breaded verandas, even a pioneer barber shop complete with razors.

The fascinating possibilities of side-trip vacationing are endless. Every state has them by the hundreds, and each will add exciting extras to your vacation travels.

When the Vice-President Was Not Busy



FOR MANY YEARS there hung in the President's office in the White House an elaborate crystal chandelier which had been bought in Paris by Thomas Jefferson.

It remained more or less unnoticed until Theodore Roosevelt came into office. T. R., an outdoor man who loved fresh air, usually worked with the windows open. The breeze blowing in caused the prisms to tinkle. For some time Roosevelt endured this distraction—with mounting impatience. Then one day he growled, "Get this thing out of here."

"But, Mr. President, where shall we put it?" he was asked.

Roosevelt thought this over for a moment.

"Put it in the Vice-President's office," he ordered. "He has nothing to do anyway. Maybe it will keep him awake."

His order was carried out. And there the chandelier hangs to this day.

—E. E. EDGAR



merica bursts into music

Music has suddenly "come alive" in America. The whole nation is in the midst of an exciting, unprecedented resurgence of interest in music...all kinds...on all instruments...at all age levels.

In a single year, America has spent more to listen to classical concerts (\$50 million) than to watch baseball (\$40 million). The number of symphony orchestras has jumped 80%, the number of local opera companies 550% in the last decade.

More people are playing...not just listening. Individually and in groups, they are learning the piano, organ, band and orchestra instruments...enjoying music in the fullest, most rewarding way...with the music they play themselves.

The Baldwin Piano Company takes pride in the part it is playing in this great national resurgence of music, wants you to meet and know

*America's first family in music
the Baldwin family of fine instruments*

Baldwin...first family in



Walter Gieseking

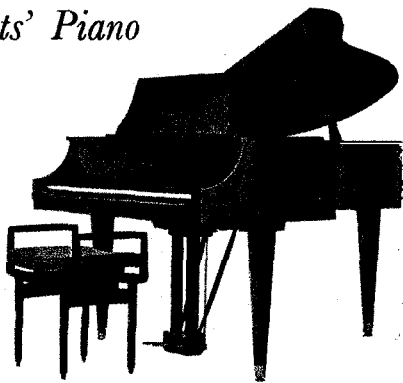


The Baldwin Concert Grand

The Baldwin grand

The Artists' Piano

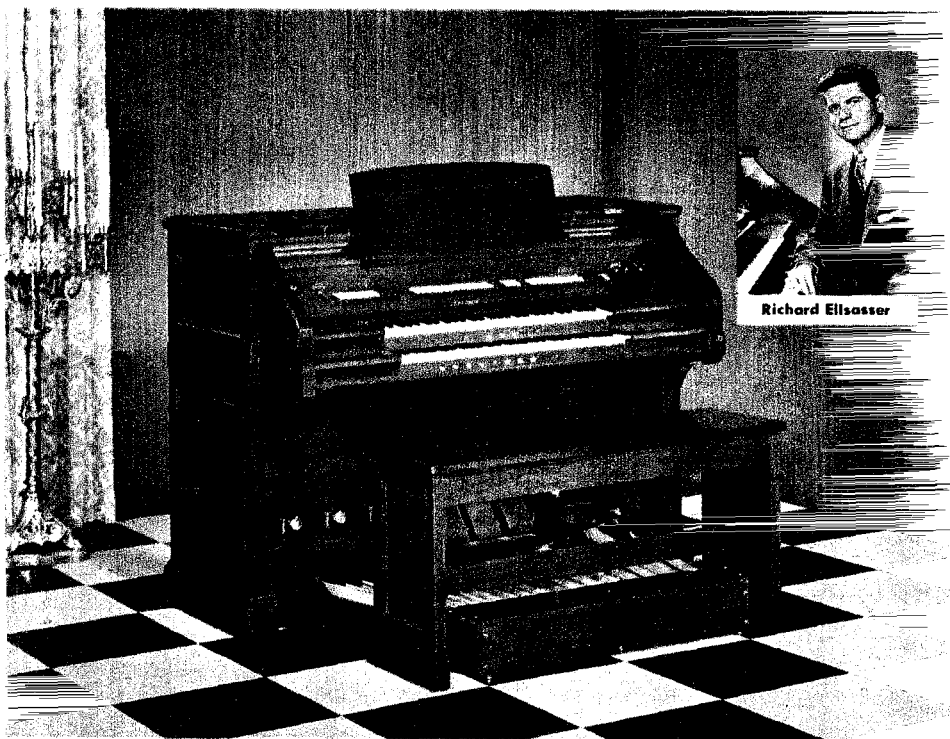
This is the instrument you are most likely to hear at your symphony concert. For the Baldwin Concert Grand is the personal choice of an imposing roster of world famed artists. It is the official piano of our nation's most famous concert, opera and festival groups... and of the new ones springing up in smaller cities all over the country. There are, today, more than 1000 of these... Americans who want more great music in their lives!



The Baldwin Contemporary Grand

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America's formal music



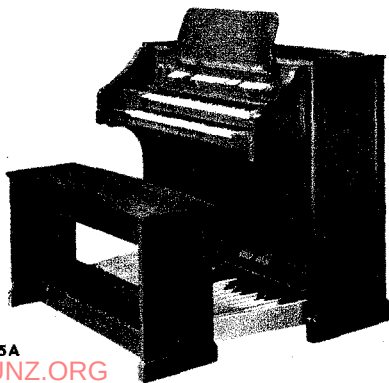
Richard Ellsasser

The Baldwin Model 10

The Baldwin organ

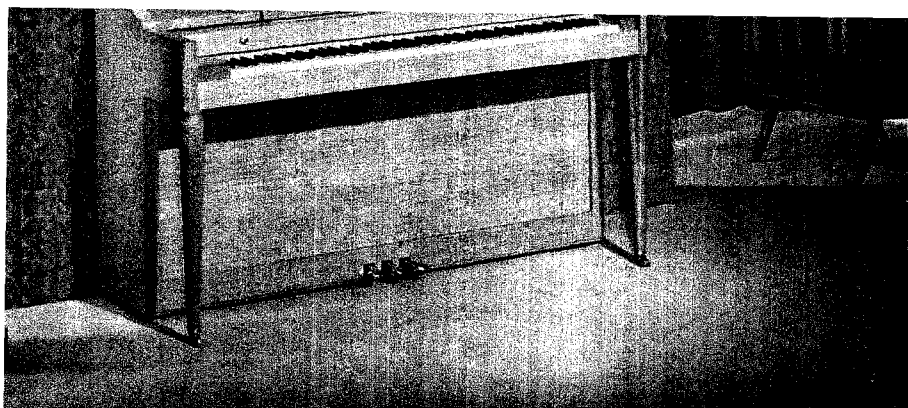
Symbol of America's spiritual life

Today, thousands of new churches are being built and in many the Baldwin Electronic Organ is part and parcel of the architect's design. These magnificent instruments are capable of amplification which enriches the wonderful reverent true organ tone for which they are famed. No church is too large...or too small...for the wondrous music of the Baldwin Electronic Organ.



The Baldwin Model 5A

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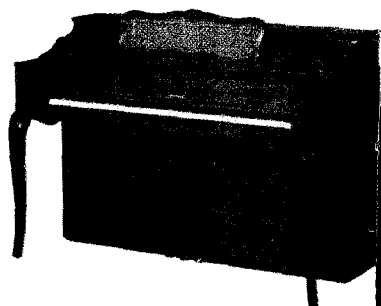


The exquisite Acrosonic

20,000,000 Americans play the piano . . .

31% more than in 1940

Twenty years ago people said radio would outdate "live" music. Today, with radio and TV's help, more people play and enjoy the piano than ever before! Over 60% of all pianos bought are for homes with school age children. The Acrosonic by Baldwin, with its full blow action, is favored by these young homes. Modern and traditional styles fit the Acrosonic perfectly into today's pattern of living.



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America's personal music



The Orga-sonic spinet organ

825,000 Americans play the organ

Statistics can't keep pace! Daily people who thought America's musical awakening had passed them by, sit down at the Orga-sonic and play! Its simple keyboard and clearly marked controls make it easiest of all home organs to learn... and play. Its amazing versatility, the wonderful things you can do with it with even small knowledge of music, will lead you, as it has thousands, into the true joy of music... music you play yourself!

New—Baldwin Percussion adds stunning new musical effects

An optional feature of the Orga-sonic is Baldwin's newest development in electronic sound—percussion! Yes, vibra-harp, harpsichord, music box, organ harp, Hawaiian guitar and other startling new effects are now at your fingertips.

Baldwin...first family in



The Hamilton studio piano

7,500,000 children are studying music in school

Music is being added to the curriculum of our schools at record rate. It is estimated that 250,000 more children every year have the opportunity to learn music with their three R's. The Hamilton Studio Piano by Baldwin, with its full, clear, inspiring tone, is the first choice of teachers, acknowledged the most dependable piano for school use. If your child is studying music in school . . . and he should be . . . chances are he is learning on the Hamilton Studio Piano by Baldwin.



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America's participation music



The new Baldwin model 45

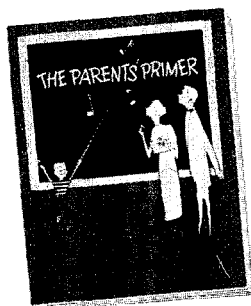
No longer is organ music saved for Sunday!

Today, America plays, sings, dances to the electronic organ. The Baldwin model 45 is designed for this large role... the entertainment world. Its brilliant, sparkling voice and almost endless panoply of musical effects brings a new dimension to music... organ, orchestra, dance band in one versatile instrument. Here is an organ for the amateur or professional musician to explore, for it gives music a glorious, ever widening, new horizon.



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Be at home in this new America "set to music"



Don't let music pass you by. Learn more about how you...and your children...can participate in America's musical awakening. Send for either...or both...of these delightful booklets.

"The parents' primer"

A gay little book that tells parents how to make piano lessons fun and fruitful for the small fry. Junior will thank you for reading it while he takes his music lessons.

"More pleasure from leisure"

All kinds of people are suddenly deciding they'd like to play the Baldwin Orga-sonic. Here are real life stories of why...and what happened. Happy reading if you are looking for a hobby. Send today...it is free.

Send for them both. Or ask your Baldwin Dealer to let you see, hear and play these Baldwin pianos and organs.



The Baldwin Piano Company, Dept. C-46
1801 Gilbert Avenue
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Please send me "The Parents' Primer" ☐
"More Pleasure From Leisure" ☐
Information on Baldwin Pianos:
Grand ☐ Acrosonic ☐ Hamilton ☐
Baldwin Organs: Model 10 ☐ Model 5A ☐
Model 45 ☐ Orga-sonic ☐

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THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY
CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

Baldwin builds: Baldwin, Acrosonic
and Hamilton Pianos; Baldwin and
Orga-sonic Electronic Organs

At Navy Mothers' convention Lausche builds political fences as he charms his audience

What Makes Lausche Run?

by CALVIN KYTLE

Rugged, homespun Frank Lausche, Ohio's five-time Governor, confounds the bosses but delights the voters

IN THE SUMMER OF 1951, Frank Lausche was making \$13,000 a year as Governor of Ohio when he was asked how he'd like to be Baseball Commissioner at \$65,000.

Now, Frank Lausche's first love is baseball. He is, what's more, a judge at heart. Also, after 20 years in public office, he was stone broke.

His sponsors said he needed only 13 votes and they could assure him of 12. All he had to do to get one more was to meet with some of the eastern club-owners in Dan Topping's apartment in New York.

"I arrived at Topping's apartment building an hour early," Lausche recalls, "so I decided to

take a walk. There was a church in the neighborhood—a Presbyterian church. I went in, sat down and started thumbing through a hymn book. Before long I had the feeling that every line I read was addressed to me. One I remember said, 'Look near, behold thy duty,' and another, 'Dream not of turning back.'

"I asked my sponsors to withdraw my name from consideration. I told them that I was very grateful, but I had a job to finish in Ohio and I could not break faith with the people I had pledged myself to serve."

One of Frank Lausche's minor trials is that a sizable number of cynics in the population find such motives hard to accept. Machine politicians of his own party either deplore him or hate him. Angry AFL-CIO leaders call him a "phony" and a "cheap manipulator."

Though independent of machine, he personally supported Stevenson in '52.



At one time or another, his dogged defense of principle has also outraged professional spokesmen for the mine owners, truckers, public utilities, gamblers, veterans and schoolteachers.

Yet, in a state that is traditionally Republican, where no man before him has ever been elected governor more than three times, Lausche—a Democrat—is now completing his fifth term, more popular than ever. Commenting that he didn't have the "audacity" to ask people to vote a sixth time for him for governor, last December he announced his candidacy for the U.S. Senate. It's generally agreed that he'll win in a walk. Meanwhile, conservative Democrats are booming him for the presidential nomination.

Frank Lausche's success can best be explained as a classic example of the triumph of personality over partisanship. It is also, somehow, a testament to the durability of the Horatio Alger legend and to the continuing popular appeal of the Rugged Individualist.

In fact, Lausche usually appears to be above politics. When the state finance director died in 1954, he replaced him with a Republican (John M. Wilcoxon) drawn from the office of the man he'd just defeated for governor, State Auditor James Rhodes. His explanation: "He's the best man."

Lausche generally gives the impression of being a man of the people and at the same time a little too good for this world. He gets up at 5:30 every morning and, except when state functions interfere, is in bed by 8:30 or 9. He dresses plain-

***Democrat Lausche's success can best be explained
as triumph of personality over partisanship***

ly, usually in gray and black. Despite his wife's best attentions, he invariably has an unpressed look. His personal car is a 1946 Pontiac. He wears an overcoat that's 13 years old.

For relaxation he reads translations of the Greek classics (currently Epictetus), the Holy Bible, Shakespeare (he just read "Romeo and Juliet" in one sitting), Burns, Keats, Wordsworth and Browning.

Now 60, Lausche is a good-looking man of athletic figure, with a tangled mop of salted brown hair. He usually wears a tired, preoccupied expression. Even when he is at his gregarious best, he still betrays a deep-rooted loneliness. He is not given to sharing his griefs or problems, and he will not be pushed.

He has the common man's taste for cigars and beer. He still plays golf frequently, shooting in the high seventies. He loves Strauss waltzes and a good joke, particularly if it's one he can tell on himself.

In private conversation or at small parties, the Lausche personality can be irresistible. He is good at remembering names, and he watches for opportunities to pass out compliments. He literally loves away his opposition.

"I have to be on my guard all the time," says State Senator C. Stanley Mechem, Republican Majority

Leader, "or he'll have me on his side."

Next to his own undeniable charm, his most important asset in the vote-getting department is Mrs. Lausche. Pretty, vivacious and unaffected, she is perpetually playing hostess to Ohio women's organizations at teas at the governor's mansion. She frequently substitutes for the Governor at dinners, rallies and other semi-official occasions.

Lausche's speeches are definitely of the "God-country-motherhood" school—full of rolling Homeric phrases, with overtones of Lincoln, Shakespeare and the Bible. Arms waving, hair awry, he invariably winds up on a strong patriotic note. Not uncommonly, before he sits down he and his audience both are weeping, happily and unashamedly.

Nobody close to him doubts the honesty of his tears when he speaks of freedom and of his gratitude to America. The tears, say his friends, can be explained—along with his formal English, his frank idealism and his deep respect for the old-fashioned virtues—if you just remember where he came from.

LAUSCHE IS THE SON of Slovenian immigrants and he grew up in the melting pot of Cleveland's East Side in a sentimental, close-knit family which clung to Old World customs while they enthusiastically

embraced the New World spirit.

It was from "Ma" Lausche that young Frank is believed to have developed his strong sense of duty. "Be good citizen," she used to tell him. "You must put back in America what America give to you."

Louis Lausche, the father, died at 41, leaving Ma with six children—the oldest 16, the youngest barely six weeks old. Frank was 13 and the oldest boy. He promptly went to work, lighting street lamps for the City of Cleveland at \$2 a week.

Later, he helped send two brothers and a sister through college with his earnings as a third baseman. He played with Duluth, Minnesota, in 1916. He made the record book for a single game's performance—14 assists, 2 put-outs, 1 error—while playing on the sandlots of Cleveland, Ohio.

He served as a second lieutenant in the infantry during World War I. When it was over, he went to night school and passed his bar exam in 1920 with a grade of 91.7, the second highest in his class.

The first time Lausche's independent streak attracted notice was in 1924 when he, a Catholic, asked Jane Sheal, a Methodist, to marry him. The Slovenian Widows' Club called on Ma Lausche to extend sympathy. Ma's response was to deliver a short sermon on the merits of "Frank's American beauty."

In 1931, Lausche was appointed to a judgeship in the Municipal Court of Cleveland, Ohio.

Later, in 1934, Cuyahoga County citizens elected him to the Court of Common Pleas. Noting that other judges shied from equity cases with

political implications, he made it his policy to take them as they came, regardless. This won him wide respect. Then, in 1940, he became presiding judge of the court's criminal branch and quickly launched an all-out drive that closed every gambling joint in the county.

Riding the crest of his popularity, Lausche was elected mayor in 1941, polling 62 per cent of the vote cast. He was re-elected in 1943, polling over 71 per cent of the vote—the highest ever received. With his first official action, however, he stamped himself indelibly as a maverick. Ray Miller, the party boss, instructed him to fire the Republican director of safety. Lausche refused, and has been on his own ever since.

His policies won him no love from labor leaders. In the summer of 1943, during the war, when he was determined to get production resumed at a strike-bound aircraft-parts plant, he appealed personally to the 7,000 workers by radio, then ordered Cleveland's mounted police to clear a way for those who returned to their jobs.

By the time the 1943 election came up, he not only had lost the support of the AFL but also the regular Democratic organization. Forced to mobilize his own campaign, he asked for volunteers with the firm understanding that nobody helping him could expect any reward. He won, on a campaign promise to be a "wholesome influence," by over a 71 per cent majority.

A year later, he entered the Democratic primary for Governor

in the face of opposition from every machine boss in the state. Few voters outside Cleveland knew how to pronounce his name (it rhymes with now-she).

But the city boy took to the country towns and the county fairs. He kept careful track of the days he was away from the mayor's office campaigning and conscientiously returned that part of his salary to the city treasurer.

Here was something new and, at the same time, almost old-fashioned in a politician. Delighted, the people of Ohio sent him to the governor's chair with a 112,000-vote majority.

Lausche appears to have spent his first term almost entirely in asserting his independence. He turned a deaf ear to the Democratic State Committee, insisting on filling state jobs on the basis of competence rather than patronage. He opposed a move to raise the governor's salary and shortly afterwards vetoed a bill to make pay increases for state employees, including schoolteachers, retroactive. "It smacked of pork," he said.

Lausche lost the 1946 election, but won in 1948 and has not had serious opposition since.

Only his most devoted followers think he is a great governor. Essentially of judicial temperament, he seems to prefer to deal with problems as they arise. For this reason he is often criticized for a lack of planning and failure to present a cohesive legislative program.

In Lausche's own opinion, such criticism is of no moment when weighed against the positive effects



A one-time professional baseball player, the game is still one of his big interests.

of his determinedly independent policy. "I have remained completely emancipated from the control that any section of the economy could exercise over me," he says in his characteristic literary prose. "My hands have been free. I have told the people, and I will be able to tell them again, that I am answerable to no one—business bosses, labor bosses or political bosses—except the people."

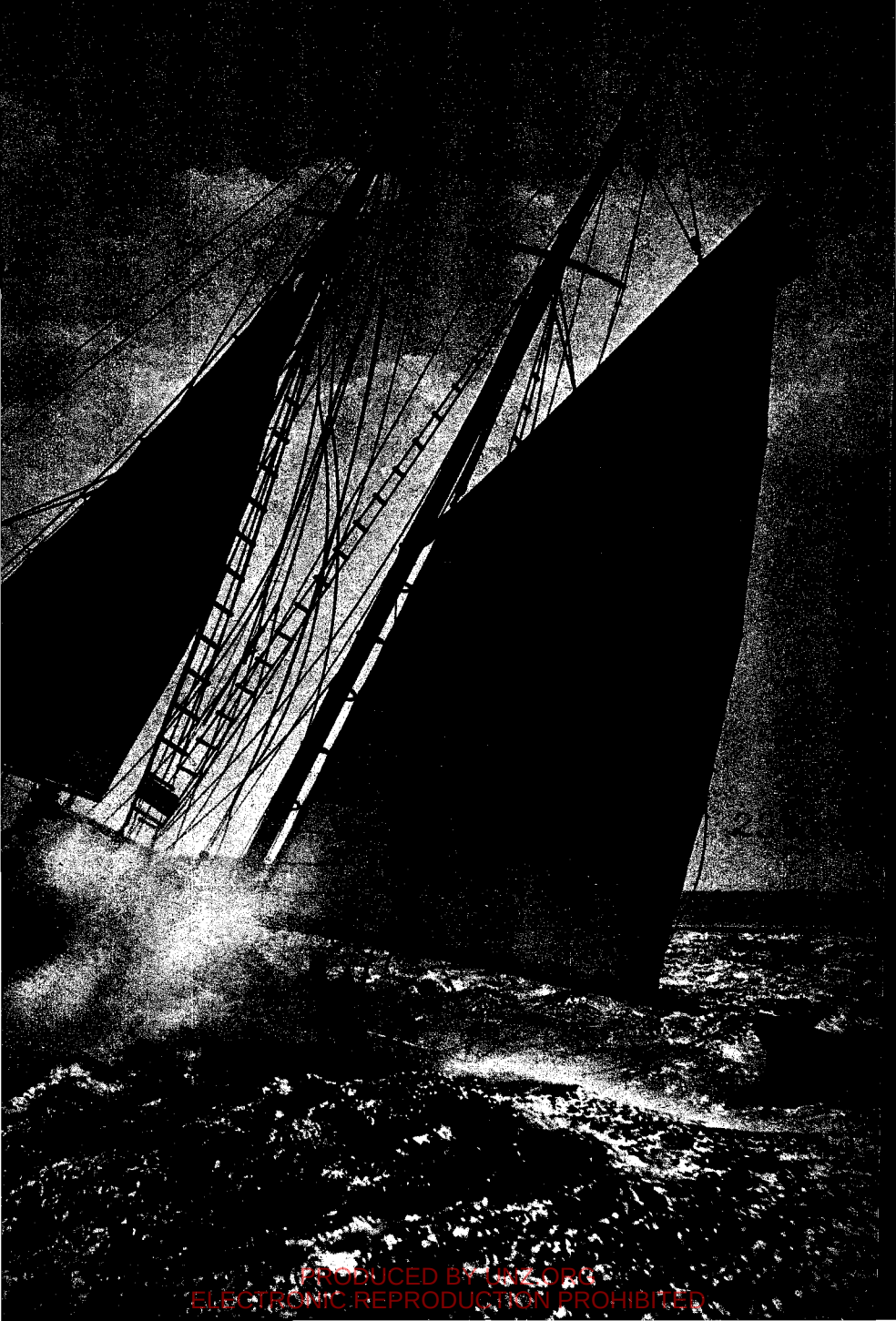
This year Lausche will be Ohio's "favorite son" candidate at the Democratic National Convention. He is not, however, expected to go actively after the nomination, and although he is highly regarded by Southern Democrats as a compromise candidate, his chances for getting it are pretty slim.

Remembering his simple origins, he still finds the Lausche boom hard to believe. "It's all like a dream," he says humbly. 

by GEROLD FRANK

IN man's timeless love affair
with the elements,
no mistress has displaced
the sea —
and no lover has devised
more ingenious ways
to conquer her.
The varied craft man uses
tells the story
of this ancient need
to master the deep waters,
to reach the far, far places . . .





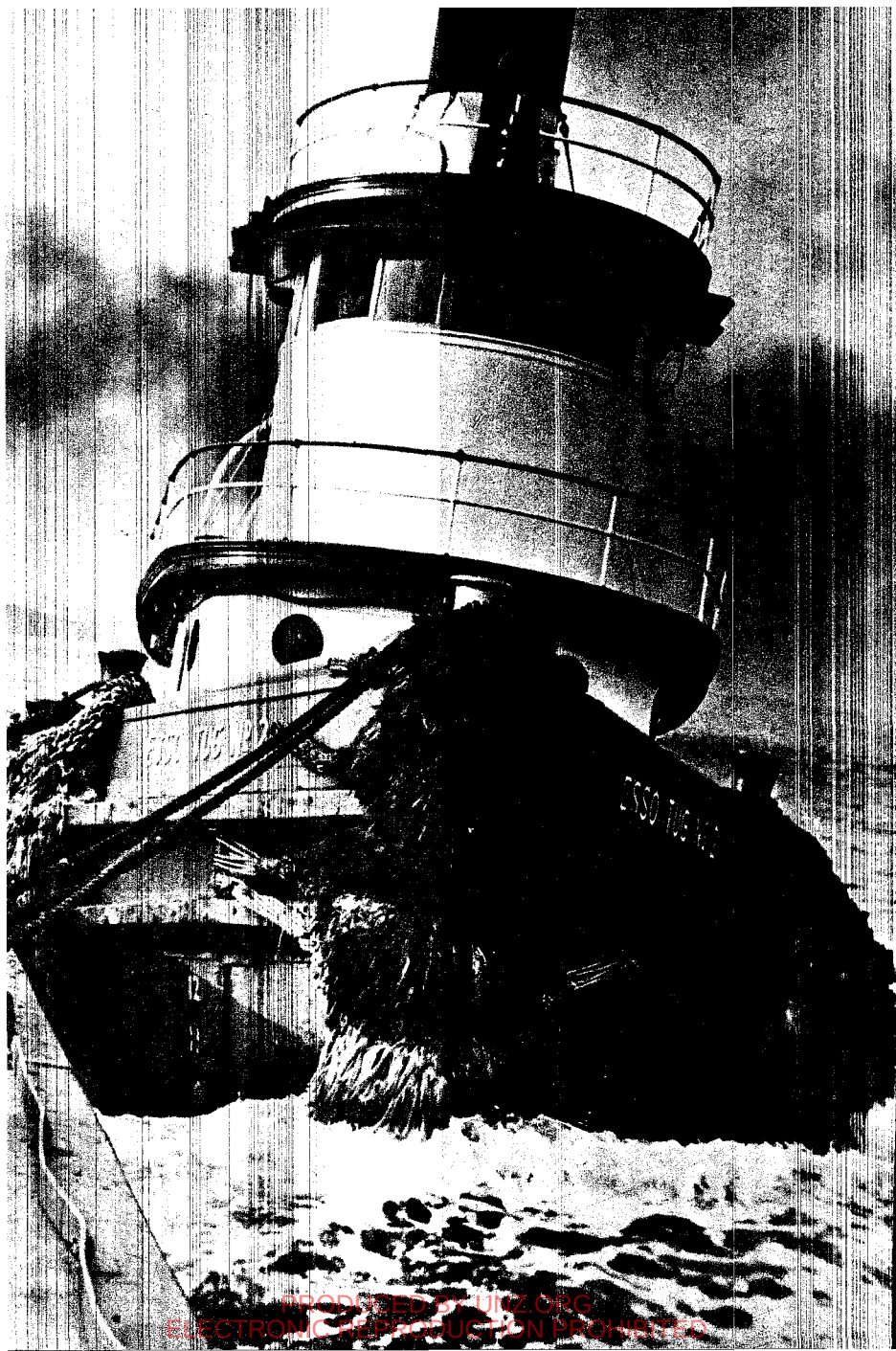
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SOMETIMES the man is yet to be.
But who will deny a world of fancy
where racing yachts await the breath
of an offshore breeze, and magic
lies the other side of tomorrow?
And sometimes the ship is a giant's dream
come true, a regal vessel,
a bridge between continents.

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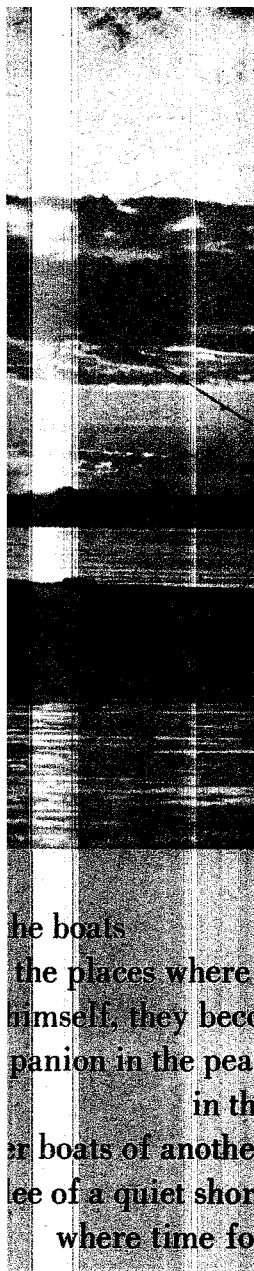


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STRANGE are the shapes of ships,
the ships that work, the ships that play.
In the world's ports, the sturdy tug
puffs and bullies its day away.
In distant Venice, all ivory and gold,
and wrapped in romance,
the slim gondola glides,
a gilded cockleshell on a purple sea.



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"Pardon Me, I Like Money"

by
don herold

Some timid souls fear wealth, but this authority snuggles right up to it

MONEY IS BEING KNOCKED A great deal, these days; but excuse me, I want some.

We are constantly told that the best things in life cost nothing. There was even a song, "The Best Things in Life Are Free"—meaning such things as fresh air, sunshine, scenery, love and so forth. The fact is, fresh air, scenery and sunshine are three of the most expensive commodities in the world, unless you happen to have been born in the country and stayed there.

Try to get some fresh air or sunshine for nothing in New York or Los Angeles, or any other big city. What you get free in any big city or on any highway, these days, is a big dose of carbon monoxide gas, smog and pulverized rubber and asphalt, almost lethal in effect.

One of our biggest new industries is air conditioning, which gives us

fresh air at a comfortable temperature—for a price.

Health, also, is said to be free—but have you bought a surgical operation or two weeks in a hospital lately?

As for love, have you tried paying any alimony lately? Bought any orchids or mink coats, or even taken your best girl anywhere else than to cafeterias?

Yes, bluntly, I would like to have money, and I'm not discouraged by the fact that many people who have money are such stinkers. After all, I've known a few humble, likeable, unspoiled, generous, wealthy people—I say a few, very few. That's the kind of rich person I plan to be—nice and lovable.

I want money because—

Well, now, let me see—

I quote a famous playwright, "Money does not make you happy,

but it certainly quiets the nerves."

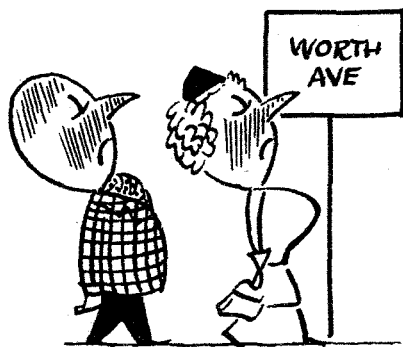
I don't want money to buy a yacht. People I know who own them have to spend all their week drumming up parties for their week-ends. They take out a bunch of friends and bring back a bunch of enemies.

I don't even want a small boat. Everybody I know who has one has either a slipped disc or a hernia.

I don't want to go to nightclubs. I have been to one.

I don't want to belong to café society. I've seen it.

I don't want money for a Reno



divorce, or for today's exorbitant alimony, or another woman than my wife. (Even she, nice as she is, comes high, these days.)

I don't want first editions. There are so many second and third editions at the library that I haven't read yet.

I don't want to impress anybody. I can get along without pheasant under glass and crepes suzette. But I am crude enough to want a tin box full of securities and security. I agree with Bernard Shaw when he says, "Lack of money is the



root of all evil." Excuse me from that kind of evil.

I want money for ordinary safety and simple fun.

I read "Walden" once a year, and I like simplicity, but I don't want to live as Henry Thoreau did . . . on \$62 a year.

I want bathtubs, electric lights, soap, Mum, Arrid, Poof, Skat, clean clothes, a roof, space, silence, and the mortgage paid off.

I want to raise two or three children, and I want money to get their teeth straightened when the time comes. This may cost \$1,500 per child. If you heckle them when



they're little, you may keep their teeth straight; but, because you've heckled them, you'll be out more than \$1,500 per child for psychoanalysis when they grow up. Either way, you've got to have money.

You can't give a child a book and a fireplace and expect him to get



an education as Abraham Lincoln got his. It will cost from \$4,000 to \$6,000 per child for a college education. I want dough for two or three kids at that rate.

I want to loaf at unreasonable times, and go to unreasonable places. (But I'm not a glutton for travel. I've had more adventure in an evening at home with my family than I had in three months' travel in Europe.) I want to do some bird-watching, some baby-sitting and some just plain rockin'.

I want to be able to take my toys and run along if an employer or customer gets out of hand or overbearing.

I want to play some golf on a modest golf course once in a while. I want to lose a lot of golf balls and waste a lot of Kodak film.

I want to buy Beethoven records, some books, some grass, some flower seeds, a hammer and nails, a

yo-yo, some dog biscuits, and a few Band-Aids.

I'd like to see some shows, and go to some concerts and county fairs and world's fairs and circuses.

I want money for hot water bottles, arch supports, atomizers, appendectomies and, when I need 'em, crutches and a wheel chair, and the ability to pay my way when I'm no longer actively productive. I don't want to move in on relatives when I'm 70, and leave my dentures in their bathroom. (Incidentally, I want dentures that fit.)

I'd like to have enough money to give some of it away to the right people and causes—*of my own choosing*. (I'm tired of having politicians being so thoughtful and generous with my dough.)

Though my government sets me a bad example in the matter of debt, I, personally, want to keep out of debt.

I think the world would be lots better if everybody were encour-



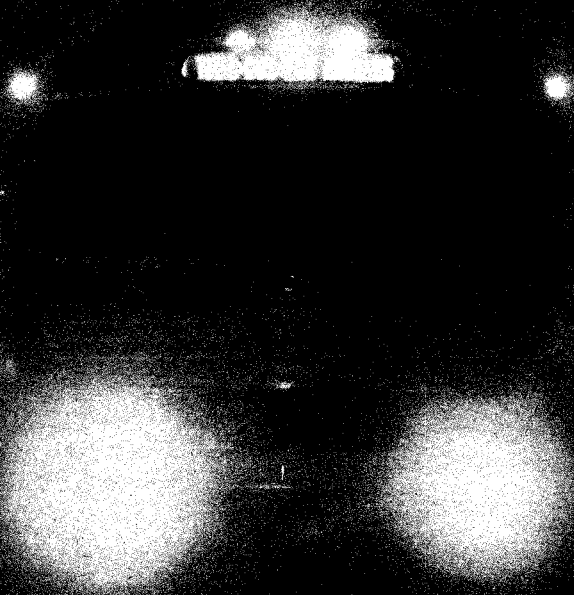
aged to earn more of this loathsome thing called money, and allowed to keep a fair share of it, and if everybody were to live quietly and fancifully and gaily and peacefully on the income of his own wad, independent of the so-called charity of Uncle Sam or any other condescending relative.



BUS TRIP

THE TIME is midnight. The giant eyes of the bus stab the dark ribbon of road. Inside the bus exists a small, self-contained world. As the night deepens, each of the 43 passengers retreats into his own smaller, private world. But is it really so private? The bus rolls on and before the journey ends, strangers will have become acquaintances . . .

TEXT AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL BAKAL



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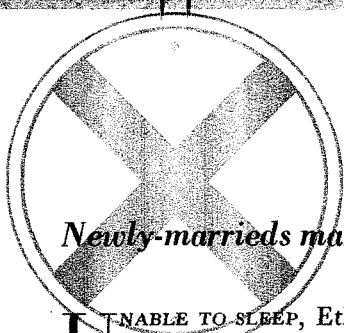
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A child's laughter helps draw everyone closer

ALTHOUGH Diana Lee Swingle is only 3 and this is her first bus trip, she is the least self-conscious of the strangers. She babbles and bubbles and soon the whole bus is infected with her guilelessness and charm. "I'm going to have a baby brother," she confides. With her mother, Sue, wife of the assistant manager for Beacon Loan in Towanda, Pa., she is on her way to visit her grandfather in Gary where the baby will be born in two weeks. Nothing is necessary to melt the reserve of Marcella Hogan, Margaret Nolan and Mary Isbrandt who are gabbing gaily up front. They have a total of 6 children and 10 grandchildren, have worked and vacationed together for 14 years. This time they're on a tour of the West and Mexico. As old friends, they share a fund of reminiscences.



Traveling becomes triple fun with old friends who are also co-workers.



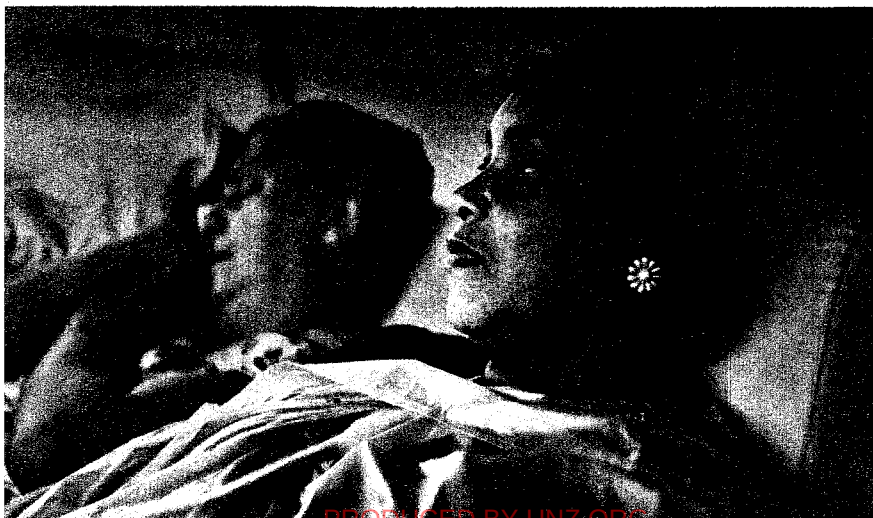
Newly-marrieds make their own privacy

UNABLE TO SLEEP, Ethel Hardy Smith gazes out of the window, her thoughts on the one-week opera workshop ahead in Boulder, Colorado. She brought along \$30 worth of music for the seminars. Back home at Tuskegee Institute, Ala., where she teaches, is her 13-year-old boy who studies piano and an 11-year-old daughter who wants to be a dancer. Rosena Ziccardi, dozing next to her, is crossing the country to visit her 7 children and 6 grandchildren. She has already been to New York, Gary and Chicago. Her next stop is Reno and a son whom she hasn't seen since his father died 20 months ago. "My home is now where my children are," she says. "What else is there to do since Pop died?"



Every mile of the

Race and creed forgotten, two mothers share common experiences.





journey takes Sailor Bob Wallrich and his wife Ruth closer to separation.

THE GREYHOUND MOVES ON, slowly for some, too quickly for others. Sailor Bob Wallrich, for example, does not look forward to the end of the journey. He is 19. The girl in his arms is his wife, Ruth, 18, and they have not been married long. The young newlyweds are from Sibley, population 2,559, one of the highest points in Iowa. In the winter it gets cold as blazes and in the summer the corn grows eight feet high. Bob worked on a farm before the Navy came along. "Right now I'm wondering where they'll ship me and how long I'll be away from Ruth." With his leave over, they're on the way to San Francisco. There Ruth will get on another bus and return to Sibley . . . alone.

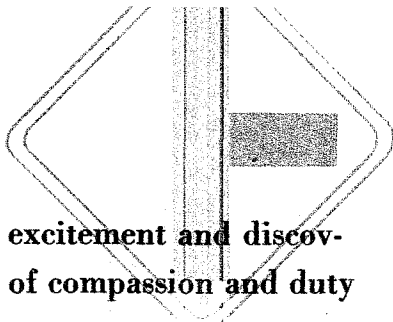


For some, a journey of
ery; for others, a mission

WHEN 20-year-old Spanish-born Brazilian Araceli Carceller arrives in Los Angeles she will don blue jeans and saddle shoes and study chemistry at U.C.L.A. "The future of Brazil is oil," she says, "and my country needs chemists." Accompanied by her mother, she is eager to learn as much as possible about the country in which she will spend the next four years. "That's why we've been traveling by bus, to get closer to the land and the people."

What would be inconvenient to the average traveler she regards as quaint. She has a question for every stranger and she is soon the belle of the bus. "I still haven't had a chance to really get acquainted with American men. They seem to be so much in a

A foreigner discovered
with "Inside U.S.A."



excitement and discov- of compassion and duty

As the journey nears its end, the reticence of most of the passengers has been pierced. But some are conspicuous by their solitude, like the lonesome old lady who remains apart from the others, eats alone, talks to no one and, day after day, sits with her head in her hands, her eyes dimmed by sadness. For Anna West of New Florence, Pa., the hours pass slowly and the gaiety of the people about her serves only to intensify her melancholy. For her daughter lies sick in a Denver hospital. Mrs. West has raised 2 daughters and 3 sons, one a Navy man for 23 years. They, in turn, have given her 11 grandchildren and 2 great-grandchildren. "But if one's own child is sick," she asks, "can a mother ever stop being a mother and can she fail to come when she is needed?"

**To a mother visiting her sick
daughter, no bus is fast enough.**



Nothing can disturb the thoughts of a sailor re-living 30 days' leave.

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At each depot, one adventure ends, another begins

NIGHT HAS FALLEN again. The bus rolls on continually except for the brief stops. Sailor Duane Allison will make many stops like this before he boards his boat for Pearl Harbor. At each stop, old acquaintances will part and new strangers will come to take their place. Every six hours a new driver will pick up and deposit passengers as they pass in and out of his life and he out of theirs.

Driver John Thorne readies for his last 275-mile lap.



APRIL, 1956

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We're Licking Childhood Diseases

by SELWYN JAMES

Startling developments in vaccines and antibiotics are

swiftly reducing once-dreaded infant killers

to little more than footnotes in medical texts

YEAR BY YEAR, virus by virus, we are licking the major childhood diseases. In fact, more progress has been made in their prevention and treatment in two generations than in the past 200 years; and the infant mortality rate has been so reduced that today less than four babies die for every 1,800 births.

Thanks to genius-touched medical research, most of the serious childhood maladies have been eliminated or controlled. Specific pre-

ventive measures, drugs and therapies give temporary protection against others, or render attacks of still others shorter and less severe. Thus, when children do come down with illness, they are less likely to develop serious complications, and more likely to be quickly back on their feet.

Unfortunately, however, not enough advantage is being taken of what medical science has accomplished. Here is what parents should know—and do—about the protec-



tive measures medicine has developed against the common diseases of childhood.

SMALLPOX

This age-old scourge no longer is a serious menace, but outbreaks of a mild form sometimes occur, especially in areas where vaccination is not enforced. While seldom fatal, the disease is just as contagious as the more virulent types, and may

produce severe cases in some.

An effective vaccine against the virus was developed as far back as 1798, and today doctors recommend that every baby be vaccinated by the age of six months. If the vaccine fails to "take," it does not mean that the child is naturally immune. More likely the vaccine is weak, so that revaccination is necessary.

Even a successful vaccination does not provide lifelong immunity; the process should be repeated when the child first enters school, and

every five to seven years thereafter. If exposure to the disease is suspected, it should be given again.

DIPHTHERIA

Little more than thirty years ago, this highly contagious bacillus killed thousands of children annually. Today, it strikes only when parents fail to have their children immunized. The immunizing substance, used on a mass scale since 1928, is injected into the blood stream and stimulates the body to build up its own antibodies against the disease. The diphtheria toxoid is usually given in two or three injections at from six to nine months of age, with booster shots at from 18 to 24 months and again at 6 and 12 years.

Today, even when an unvaccinated youngster catches diphtheria, the chances of fast recovery are excellent. A diphtheria antitoxin should be given within three days of the appearance of the first symptoms.

WHOOPING COUGH

Once the worst disease threat to children under one year of age, whooping cough can still strike with epidemic vigor through entire communities. It causes half the deaths of children under one year old.

Today, while deaths are greatly diminished, the extremely contagious bacillus may still strike before vaccine is administered. To guard against early infection, most doctors now recommend immunization at two to three months of age, with

two follow-up shots within one year or at two or three years of age.

New antibiotics like tetracycline frequently shorten whooping cough attacks, while other drugs are used to ward off secondary infections.

TETANUS

This deadly bacillus, found in animal manure and in soil containing manure, enters the body through skin breaks. Its favorite breeding grounds are deep wounds like those caused by nails, splinters, sharp rocks and pieces of glass.

A commonplace hazard, especially to children living in close proximity to farm animals, the infection swiftly attacks the brain stem, spinal cord and motor nerves producing the frightening "lock-jaw" symptom.

Nowadays, a tetanus vaccine giving full protection is administered routinely, usually in combination with whooping cough and diphtheria preventives. Reinforcing doses are necessary at intervals through childhood, as well as after any injury in which tetanus infection is suspected.

Tetanus antitoxin is available for the unimmunized child who receives a wound which suggests possibility of the infection. It's a painful treatment, but neglected cases carry the definite risk of death.

MEASLES

Few children manage to escape measles, a virus which 30 years ago indirectly killed 34 of every 100,000

children who caught it. Improper care was the common reason; too often, children were allowed to get out of bed before full recovery, thus inducing bronchopneumonia or mastoid disease.

Although there is still no measles vaccine, death from the disease and its complications is rare today because of better medical care and new drugs.

Infants almost invariably are immune to measles up to nearly one year of age *if* the mother herself once had the infection. The mother's blood contains protective properties which are transmitted to the child during pregnancy.

For very young or sickly children temporary immunity, or at least a milder attack, is possible with gamma globulin, a human blood fraction. With older, normally healthy youngsters, however, most doctors usually don't recommend this short-term protection, since the only lasting immunity is to have the disease. Measles in adulthood is frequently severe, with a higher incidence of hazardous complications.

MUMPS, CHICKEN POX, GERMAN MEASLES

None of these diseases is serious in childhood, and no vaccine exists for them. Lifetime immunity usually follows a single attack. As with measles, there are substances for temporary protection against mumps and German measles, but generally they are restricted to children whose resistance has recently been weakened by some other illness.

It is even desirable that youngsters be exposed to mumps and German measles before puberty. The reasons: pregnant women who catch German measles during the first three months frequently give birth to infants with congenital defects. Thus it is safer for girls to have the infection in childhood. Mumps, a glandular infection, can do damage to the testicles during adolescence and manhood, with sterility as the possible result.

STREPTOCOCCAL INFECTIONS

The rugged germs of the coccus family, which produce the poisons causing scarlet fever and streptococcal sore throat, have been stopped dead by the antibiotics and sulfa drugs. The incidence of rash-producing scarlet fever has been cut appreciably in little more than ten years; and most cases of "strep" throat, if treated early enough, may be controlled within 24 hours after they have been contacted.

Both diseases are feared because of frequent grim after-effects like inflammation of the ears with possible loss of hearing, severely infected glands, kidney ailments and rheumatic heart disease.

RHEUMATIC FEVER

A mighty blow recently was delivered against this heart-crippler which afflicts approximately 500,000 American children, most frequently between the ages of five

and sixteen. Although an outright cure still eludes doctors, the disease can now be prevented in most cases by administering penicillin to combat the streptococcal infections which usually precede it.

For those who have had rheumatic fever, daily penicillin tablets or monthly injections of new long-acting benthazine penicillin is used to prevent recurrence of the disease.

The incidence of rheumatic disease with permanent cardiac involvement among London school-children was reduced 25 per cent in less than a decade by regular medical examination of the children's throats and by educating parents to watch for signs of throat infection.

POLIOMYELITIS

Despite the universal fear of poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis, the disease is actually far less widespread than rheumatic fever, which occurs much more frequently and leaves the vast majority of its child victims to grow up with the burden of damaged hearts.

Thanks to constantly improved medical care, the facts about polio are these: 50 per cent of the children who get it recover with no visible evidence of paralysis; 30 per cent have so slight a paralysis that it hardly represents a physical disability; only 14 per cent are permanently affected by inability to move some of their muscles; and 6 per cent die.

Today, however, mankind is blessed with a vaccine against all

three types of paralytic polio. Developed by Dr. Jonas Salk of the University of Pittsburgh, the vaccine proved 80 to 90 per cent effective in a field trial involving over 440,000 children in 1954.

The Salk preventive is composed of polio viruses which have been killed in a formaldehyde bath. The viruses are laboratory-raised in test tubes containing tiny bits of monkey kidney tissue.

The mass inoculations that got under way in the spring of 1955 were beset by confusions, delays and vaccine shortages—and finally by a nation-wide scare when some of the children came down with polio immediately after receiving the first shot.

Government investigations disclosed that safety checks in the manufacture of the vaccine had been inadequate in some pharmaceutical plants. Live viruses had crept into some lots of the vaccine, probably accounting for some of the polio cases.

Thus, to a large degree, the 1955 program was thrown off balance. Children who had received the initial shot of the Salk vaccine (three are recommended for maximum protection) failed to appear for a second injection. Many family doctors advised parents to wait until kinks in the vaccine's production had been removed.

Meanwhile, under a new system of multiple safety checks, manufacture of the vaccine proceeds apace. Recently, the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which financed the Salk project with public funds, reasserted its faith in the

vaccine's safety and effectiveness. As 1955 ended, indications were that the vaccine already had reduced incidence of the disease, even though most of the millions of inoculated youngsters had received only one dose.

Have we really conquered polio? Few medical men will publicly say that we have. Privately, however, they are convinced that polio will be as obsolete as smallpox within a few years.

WITH ALL THE SUCCESS so far achieved in the fight against childhood diseases, there are still some left to conquer. For example, leukemia and Hodgkin's disease, both forms of cancer, are today the leading causes of death from disease among children four to nine years old.

Dr. Cornelius P. Rhoads, scientific director of the Memorial Center of Cancer and Allied Diseases,

reports that new knowledge about the chemistry of cancer cells may pave the way for the discovery of cancer-killing drugs.

Already, progress has been made against leukemia with compounds that temporarily stop the growth of cancerous cells in the blood. The lives of leukemia victims have been prolonged; but heart-breaking recurrences finally bring death.

Nephrosis and nephritis, serious kidney ailments, continue to baffle some of the best medical brains. Neither the cause nor the cure is known; the death rate is high, and survival appears to be a matter of luck.

However, one thing is sure: the dedicated men and women who devote themselves to medical research never give up. It is in their nature to toil selflessly and patiently until the sickness is controlled—to the abiding benefit of our children and our children's children.

Matchless Motorists



SEEING A CAR without lights about to enter San Francisco's busy Market Street one evening, I stepped off the curb and so informed the driver.

"Thank you," he said, "but I don't need lights. I know this town pretty well."

—L. LEONARD

MY BROTHER had just eased his handsome new car into a parking place in downtown Salt Lake City when he discovered he had no coin for the meter. Observing a vacant spot that still had a few minutes remaining on the meter he quickly backed into it. Whereupon a passer-by observed, "See? *That's* the way to own a Cadillac."

—RUTH MUNDORFF

A N ALARMED MOTORIST stopped when he saw a man standing beside an overturned sports car. "How did the accident happen," he inquired.

"No accident to speak of," replied the man nonchalantly. "Just changing a flat tire."

—MARGE CHRIST



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PHIL SILVERS.

TV's Melancholy Madcap

by CHARLES SAMUELS

Millions roar with laughter at this zany comic, but only close friends know the wistful man behind the horn-rimmed glasses

PHIL SILVERS, a born worrier, was the last person connected with his TV show, "You'll Never Get Rich," to become convinced it would be a hit. Though he had filmed 21 of the Tuesday night CBS shows before the first was telecast, the bald comedy star feared that some last-minute disaster would ruin the official opening.

Only after the rave reviews were in did Phil concede that as Sergeant Bilko he had scored the sensation of his career. However, he then immediately clapped his hand to his head and groaned: "Now I'm really in trouble! From now on I'll never be able to go out on the streets on a Tuesday night. Why? Because it would murder my ego to find out how many people are walking around, *not* watching my show."

"But, Phil, you won't be out," someone argued. "You'll be at home, watching it yourself."

Silvers refused to be consoled. "Even if I did stay at home, I would be driving myself crazy thinking about those vast multitudes on the streets who are ignoring 'You'll Never Get Rich.'"

Silvers, as most of our best comedians, has a bewildering habit of dreaming up imaginary dilemmas and woes for himself, particularly when everything looks brightest. Though fabulously paid, he can never forget how precarious a profession he is in, nor how easy it is to become over-confident in it.

Phil—now 44—lives alone in a beautifully furnished apartment in the Hotel Delmonico, on Park Avenue. On the days when he has to rehearse for or shoot the film for his TV series, he gets up at either eight or ten A.M. and will keep going for from twelve to fifteen hours. He involves himself in every phase of TV production

from the writing of the script through to the final processing of the film.

In the evening, Phil will often go to his favorite Turkish baths for a couple of hours before going out. A passionate sports fan, he also attends every World Series, big fight, hockey game, horse race and football game his schedule permits.

At nights, he can usually be found at Toots Shor's or some other Broadway hangout. Among his close friends are Joe Dimaggio and Phil Rizzuto, Eddie Arcaro, the jockey, Leo (the Lip) Durocher, late of the Giants, Herman Hickman, the football coach, and sports writers Red Smith and Jimmy Cannon.

While Phil enjoys this kind of night life, he often feels so lonely in the morning that he will dash downstairs to the hotel restaurant for breakfast, feeling much happier

with a group of people around him.

At other times he says, "I enjoy living alone because, paradoxically, I find myself very congenial."

Silvers has the same confusing mixture of sentiments towards his competitors, America's other professional funny men.

For 20 years or so, Phil has been both friend and favorite comedian of Jack Benny, Milton Berle, Jerry Lewis and at least two of the Marx Brothers.

Phil is a comedian of impeccable taste, a master of slapstick who uses his face and his high-pitched voice to maximum advantage. He treasures the praise of Benny and the others, but is puzzled by it, and says, "I really do not know why they think I'm funny."

The bespectacled comic often spends hours sending wires of congratulations or good wishes to these other performers. It is difficult

to find anything in Phil's background to account for his benevolence towards all of the world. He was born in 1911, one of eight children of poor Russian immigrants. He grew up in Brownsville, that toughest section of Brooklyn, while Murder, Inc., flourished there.

"Those guys were our heroes," he says.

At 13, Phil joined the famous vaudeville act, Gus Edwards' "School Days," as a boy singer. After that he worked with another well-known two-a-day turn, Morris and Campbell.

Unfortunately, as he



In smash Broadway musical "Top Banana" Phil clowned with scantily-clad chorine.

attained voting age, vaudeville fell apart. Along with thousands of other performers, he was forced to play sleazy nightclubs, the borscht circuit, burlesque and anything else that paid coffee and doughnut money.

For five years, Phil was a comic with the Minsky strip tease shows—and hated it. Yet, it was in burlesque that he learned the thousand and one routines, comic gimmicks and gags which he used later in Broadway musicals and in some of the episodes of his current TV show.

Then Phil got the lead in a so-so Broadway musical called “Yokel Boy,” and was signed by M-G-M for \$500 a week. (He had been getting \$75 in burlesque.)

That was in 1939, and the seven opulent years in Hollywood (sometimes he got \$5,000 a week in nightclubs) Silvers today considers almost the unhappiest period of his life. “Between 1942 and 1947, I was in 23 feature pictures. In almost all of them I was John Payne’s friend, who rushed in on Betty Grable at the last minute yelling, ‘Don’t worry, Betty, I got the money!’”

In 1945, a few years before he quit the movies, Phil fell in love and married Jo Carroll Dennison, the 1942 “Miss America.” They were divorced five years later.

Back on Broadway, Silvers single-handedly pumped enough zip and gaiety into the mediocre musical “High Button Shoes” to transform it into a smash hit.

The author of the show’s book, Stephen Longstreet, is said to have objected vociferously to the rewriting the star did. But when it turned



In one of CBS’ top shows, Silvers stars in role of brash, conniving Sgt. Bilko.

out to be a big money-maker, Longstreet praised it. Silvers wired him: UNLESS YOU STOP MAKING SUCH STATEMENTS I WILL START PLAYING THE PART THE WAY YOU WROTE IT.

A couple of years ago, Phil performed the same sort of magic with “Top Banana.” Later, he also starred in the less successful movie version of the show. But those earnings promise to be dwarfed by what he will make in the next few seasons as star of “You’ll Never Get Rich.”

Though Silvers apparently means it when he says he cannot *ad lib*, some of the lines that have occurred to him suddenly are regarded as classics of comic clutch-thinking.

There was the night he acted as master of ceremonies at a show cli-

maxing a social function President Eisenhower was attending. For days, Phil had fretted over the assignment.

Walking out on the floor, he discovered that Ike was surrounded by practically all of the top men who run the country—Vice President Nixon, the entire Cabinet, half the Senate and most of the Supreme Court Justices.

Silvers shook off his terror, looked straight at Ike, and asked. "Who's minding the store?"

Washington newspapermen say they seldom have heard the President laugh so long over anything.

THE SORT of unscheduled caper that convulses other professional funny men, Phil staged while he was living in the hotel that houses the Copacabana nightclub. At three one morning, unable to sleep, Phil remembered that Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis were starring in the show downstairs. Putting on a bathrobe and slippers, he went out to the elevator and rode down to the club, where Dean and Jerry were in the noisiest part of their act.

Shuffling to the middle of the floor, Phil held up his hand. Martin and Lewis stopped their antics, dumfounded.

Putting his finger to his lips in the dead silence, Phil said, "Fellers, could you keep down the noise a little? I'm trying to sleep."

Then he slowly shuffled off.

Martin and Lewis still consider this the funniest thing they ever saw a performer do.

Phil's friends worry over his failure to remarry. All agree that he is

eager to find a wife and raise a family. He was deeply in love with Jo-Carroll, and cannot figure out yet why they were divorced. Or, for that matter, why they were married in the first place.

"One trouble with our marriage was that I am a fellers' feller," he says. "My wife wanted a normal home life. I want that, too, of course. But to an actor, particularly if he is a comedian, the most relaxing and enjoyable part of the day comes when he sits around in the restaurants and cafes and nightclubs, talking about sports and swapping gags and stories and insults with the guys he likes best."

An old Broadwayite perhaps offers the best explanation of the soul-searchings and self-torment that Phil and his fellow comics subject themselves to.

"The chief business of a comedian is to be an underdog," he says, "a guy the man in the audience pities even while he laughs at him. So as a comic gets richer and more successful, it becomes increasingly difficult for him to inspire this pity in ordinary people.

"So what can these wealthy and world-famous funny men do to seem miserable? Nothing, except what they do. Which is to complicate their private lives or invent enough troubles for themselves to feel underprivileged and unloved.

"The unhappy truth is that the moment one of them looks, feels or is happy, he is practically out of business. So, professionally speaking, almost the worst thing you can wish for your favorite comedian is a lifetime of true happiness."



THE WORLD'S FIRST TEST PILOT

by JOHN CARLOVA

A chimney updraft in 1782 gave Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier the idea that sent man soaring.

The young French chemist gambled his life—and flew before he died

IT WAS A fearsome-looking aircraft, this strange, huge thing spitting flames. A large crowd had gathered to watch the take-off and there was a murmur of awe as the pilot appeared.

He was a grim young man, weirdly but appropriately dressed for flight into unknown space. His helmet was a high silk hat stuffed with wool; his space suit, three overcoats and a pair of scarves.

He waved briefly to the crowd, climbed into the cockpit and checked over his equipment—a pitchfork, a pile of straw, a bucket of water and several bags of sand.

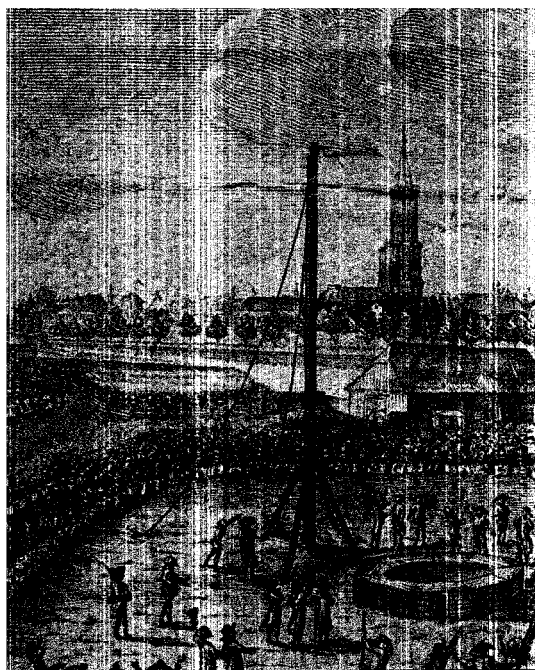
The cockpit was a wickerwork

basket slung beneath a tremendous bag made of linen and paper, the engine a straw-and-wool-burning brazier fitted into the neck of the bag. Hot air from the brazier had filled the bag and it tugged impatiently at the ropes holding it to earth.

Quickly and decisively, the airman ordered the ropes released, and with a mighty surge the contraption rose into the air.

The time was October 15, 1783, the place Paris, the young airman the first man to fly a controlled aircraft—the original test pilot.

The balloon itself was the invention of two French brothers, Joseph and Jacques Montgolfier. The idea



The fires were lit. The monstrous thing

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

first occurred to them one evening a year before as they sat in front of the fireplace discussing their papermaking business. Idly, Joseph tossed a piece of light paper into the flames and the hot air immediately sent it up the chimney.

But Joseph believed this had happened because of a light gas produced by the fire.

"I wonder," he said to his brother, "if this gas could be imprisoned in some way and used as a lifting power?"

"Let's try it with a paper bag," Jacques suggested.

After a number of attempts, during which they scorched their fingers and burned up half a dozen bags, the brothers switched their tests from the fireplace to a table.

This time, they tried a silk bag and held a burning paper below the neck of it until the bag filled with smoke. Then, as the brothers watched in wonder, the bag slowly rose to the ceiling.

Man's conquest of the air had begun.

AFTER MANY more experiments, the brothers tried with a larger, specially treated bag which they sent up in an outdoor test carrying a sheep, a rooster and a duck. They fitted them in a small basket below the bag, filled the bag with smoke and then released it.

The balloon went up 1,440 feet and drifted with the wind for 8 minutes, gradually descending to earth after covering a distance of 10,200 feet.

The animals—the first living creatures to take to the air in a

man-made machine—appeared none the worse for the experience.

Had they been human beings, the brothers realized, they might have kept the balloon in the air indefinitely, provided it was equipped with a fire-burning brazier that could be refueled. They immediately began plans for a balloon capable of carrying a man.

By now, their experiments had attracted wide attention. Among the scientists who came to see them was a young man named Jean-François Pilâtre de Rozier, head of Louis XVI's natural history collections. Rozier offered his knowledge of mathematics and physics in the design of the new balloon.

Gradually it took shape—a monstrous object which, when fully inflated, stood over 74 feet high. Its greatest diameter was 48 feet, tapering to 15 feet at the neck. The inner lining of the bag was made of ordinary paper and the outer covering was linen.

The balloon took off on an October day, with de Rozier in the basket beneath it.

A rope held the balloon captive at 84 feet. At that height, as the crowd stared, breathless, de Rozier carried out tests and carefully calculated the effects of the wind as the big balloon swayed back and forth like a pendulum.

After four and a half minutes in the air, de Rozier let the fire go out and the balloon came down for a perfect landing.

As the crowd cheered, the young Frenchman held up his hand and announced:

"This day, my friends, will be

remembered as long as there are men anywhere to remember anything. It is the first time a human being has risen from the ground and descended safely in a manlifting air machine."

But this, to test pilot de Rozier, was just the beginning. With the information gained from his observations, the *Montgolfier* brothers modified and strengthened the balloon for its first free flight.

Scientists and observers came from all over Europe to see it.

The ascent was made from the Bois de Boulogne on November 21, 1783, with de Rozier and The Marquis d'Arlandes—cousin of Louis XVI. A journal recorded:

"Surely all Paris—nay, seemingly, all France—has gathered to watch this most amazing spectacle—two men rising into the world of the birds. . . ."

The balloon soon reached 1,000 feet and started drifting in a southeasterly direction. Then, suddenly, smoke and flames burst from the neck. The paper had caught fire.

But de Rozier grabbed a bucket of water and a big sponge and quickly doused the fire.

Then they drifted steadily across Paris. After about 30 minutes, de Rozier stopped stoking the fire, and the balloon came gently down in a field.

De Rozier became the hero of all France. But now he was a dedicated test pilot and his next job

awaited him—a flight across the English Channel.

On this he intended to try out an advanced-type aircraft of his own design employing the newly-discovered hydrogen gas. It was made of two balloons. The gas was to be placed in one balloon while another below it would be filled with hot air from a brazier.

The purpose of this combination was fourfold: greater lift, better stability, faster maneuverability and the use of a smaller, less dangerous fire.

On June 15, 1785, de Rozier and Pierre Romain, who had manufactured the balloon, started the bold attempt to fly from France to England. The balloon seemed a great success as it rose easily to 3,000 feet, a new record height.

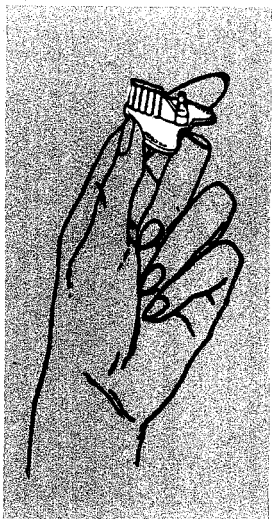
Then, as thousands near the channel shore watched in horror, a puff of smoke appeared above it. A spark from the brazier had apparently burned through the hydrogen container. A moment later there was a flash and a violent explosion tore the balloon to shreds.

With the blasted fabric streaming behind like tattered banners, the aircraft plunged to earth, killing both men.

A monument was later erected on the site of the crash as a memorial to Jean-François Pilâtre de Rozier—the first airman to give his life that millions might travel the sky with speed and safety.



FORTY YEARS AGO, when a fellow said something about retiring he was talking about going to bed. —*Quote*



60-Minute Pregnancy Test

by NORMAN M. LOBSENZ

Simple as vaccination, the patient can know results in one visit to her doctor's office

AFTER 15 YEARS of painstaking research and a lot of luck, scientists have devised a simple skin test for pregnancy. Taken right in the doctor's office, the test gives results within 60 minutes—and thus far has proved remarkably accurate.

Called the "dermal test" by its makers, Dermal Laboratories, Inc., it also appears in medical literature as the "Q" test—"Q" for "cutaneous," a scientific term pertaining to the skin.

Here is how it works. Through a small plastic device a tiny amount of colostrum, a liquid found only in the breasts of pregnant women, is injected painlessly just under the outer layer of skin on the forearm. Almost instantly, a small wheal or bump, about the size of a mosquito bite, will form.

The doctor checks the appearance of the wheal at four 15-minute intervals. If it gets bigger, remains firm to the touch, is surrounded by reddened skin, and remains that way for an hour or more, the patient is not pregnant.

But if the bump begins to flatten out and shrink, if it becomes soft to the touch and shows little or no redness around it and if, in an hour, it has virtually vanished—then the woman is pregnant.

What has happened is simple. The pregnant woman's body, undergoing hormonal changes designed to fit her for motherhood, welcomes the colostrum and absorbs it rapidly. The non-pregnant woman's body refuses to accept it immediately and instead fights it, creating the reddened area.

This 60-minute pregnancy test, available to doctors in its present form for the past year or so, accounts for only an in-

finitesimal proportion of pregnancy diagnoses. Most still rely on the rabbit, rat, frog or toad tests which take as much as four days to give their answers.

In the latter tests, the patient's urine is injected into the animal. If the patient is pregnant, the rat and rabbit ovaries will ovulate; the female toad will be stimulated to lay eggs or the male frog or male toad to ejaculate sperm. These reactions testify to the presence in the urine of gonadotrophin, a hormone produced in the body of a pregnant woman.

But because even the animal tests, despite their time lag, do not always give the right diagnosis, researchers have long sought a quicker and simpler way of finding out if a woman is going to have a baby. As long ago as 1914, experimenters were trying injections of protein from a pregnant woman's placental tissue. But it could not be sufficiently purified, and yielded too many false predictions to be useful.

Working on the premise that other skin tests had proved clinically valuable—such as the Schick test for diphtheria and the Dick test for scarlet fever—Drs. Frederick H. Falls, Vincent C. Freda and Harold H. Cohen of the University of Illinois, College of Medicine, persevered in the search for a similar skin test for pregnancy.

"So many biological differences exist between pregnant and non-pregnant women," they said, "that the possibility of being able to differentiate between these groups by a skin reaction is not remote."

Concentrating on hormones and

tissues unique to pregnant women's bodies, the doctors tested hundreds of substances during more than three years of experimentation. Finally, in 1941, they found a suitable substance. It was colostrum, the fluid secreted by a pregnant woman's breasts before actual mother's milk appears. One-hundredth of a cubic centimeter of colostrum, mixed with an equal amount of saline solution, predicted pregnancy to a promising degree.

As a result of further work in the field and improved company techniques, the Woman's Hospital in Pasadena, California, was able recently to report an accuracy of 98 per cent in the tests. The U. S. Naval Hospital in San Diego found its results to be 96.3 per cent accurate.

MANY PROBLEMS still faced the early researchers. For one thing, to be effective the colostrum had to be injected precisely between the first two layers of skin. And there was no instrument that could do this simply and accurately.

In their work, the Freda-Falls-Cohen team used a tuberculin syringe, the smallest hypodermic then in existence. But only a highly skilled technician can administer a true intradermal, so that the outline of the needle is actually visible beneath the outer layer of skin. If the needle went in the slightest bit too far, the injection would not produce the telltale bump.

Another problem was the difficulty of measuring accurately so small a quantity of liquid as one-fiftieth of a cubic centimeter. Yet

only that exact dosage would yield accurate results.

In 1952, the test came to the attention of the head of a California surgical supply house. Fascinated by its possibilities, he challenged an inventor friend, Robert W. Ogle, to try his ingenuity on the puzzle.

Ogle, who already had to his credit numerous patents in the field of medical and surgical devices, worked chiefly in plastic. His first task was to design a mold for a small plastic dispenser that would hold exactly one-fiftieth of a cubic centimeter, and that would be cheap enough to throw away after use.

Ogle came up with the answer—a bit of plastic that looked like a miniature ace of spades, with a pointed bulb on top to hold the colostrum, and a ridged “tail fin” for grasping it.

Encouraged, Ogle turned to problem number two: designing a needle that would be so perfectly angled that it would infallibly inject the colostrum between the epidermis and the corium.

For months, Ogle bent needles of all sizes, shapes and strengths on his jeweler’s lathe. He had to come up with one that would be thin and small enough to slide between the two layers of skin, and yet be sturdy enough to stand up under the 90-degree angle it had to form to lead from the dispenser bulb to the skin.

With the help of specially-trained

workers and special steel only approximately one-hundredth of an inch in diameter, Ogle solved this problem, too. But when a pharmaceutical company tried to use the dispenser for skin tests, new mechanical bugaboos appeared.

This time the problems were to design one device that would fill the dispensers with just the right amount of colostrum, and another that would prevent the dispenser from leaking after it was filled. Technicians for Dermal Laboratories, Inc., solved both of these swiftly. The only remaining hurdle was to arrange for a steady supply of colostrum.

Colostrum for the cutaneous pregnancy test must be taken from women who are having their first baby, as this kind of colostrum yields the highest percentage of accurate diagnoses.

To assure a steady supply, a fee system for donors was established at several California hospitals. A breast pump extracts the colostrum. It is immediately refrigerated, and rushed to a laboratory where it is centrifuged to purify it and a sterilizing preservative added.

One of the first controlled hospital tests was conducted by Dr. Ralph M. Prag at the U.S. Air Force Hospital at George Air Force Base, California. One hundred and fifty women took both the Q-test and the frog test. The Q-test proved accurate in 96 per cent of the pregnant women (compared with 97.3

THE JOKER IS WILD

A gripping excerpt from the biography of America's fabulous comic, Joe E. Lewis, who survived a murderous assault by Chicago hoodlums and lived to bring laughter to millions.

IN MAY CORONET

per cent accuracy for the frog test), but was 100 per cent accurate as far as non-pregnant women were concerned.

Because Uncle Sam needs a quick way to find out whether would-be WAVES and WACS are pregnant or not, Army and Navy doctors also experimented with the Q-test. The Obstetrics Division of the Fort Ord, California, Army hospital reported the accuracy of tests made there to be "very high."

However, some doctors doubt that it has been tried on enough women to make its results scientifically valid. They also point out that because of allergic reactions and other individual variations, the skin test can be misleading on certain patients.

Other doctors feel that emergency situations occurring in early pregnancy are rare, and so they question the need for a one-hour pregnancy test.

But its supporters point out that of the millions of pregnancy tests made each year in the U.S., scores of thousands involve situations where there is an urgent reason for a speedy answer.

To women who have a history of repeated miscarriage in early preg-

nancy, even a few days' extra advance warning may enable them to take the precautions needed to keep their child. The woman about to undergo surgery involving her reproductive organs must frequently take a pregnancy test first—and a speedy answer will spare her days of worried waiting.

Apart from emergencies, skin test adherents advance other arguments. Since the test does not require laboratory facilities or animals, it is comparatively inexpensive. It can save a great deal of time, trouble and expense for women who live in small towns or rural areas where no laboratories are available, and who must either travel to the laboratories or have their specimens sent there.

All this aside, however, there is no woman who would not want as quick an answer as possible to the question, "Am I pregnant?"

And after 15 years and 500,000 experiments, the dermal test provides at least a valuable adjunct to present tests for pregnancy; and at best serves as a speedy indicator that will give a woman the earliest possible signal to begin her physical and psychological preparation for motherhood.

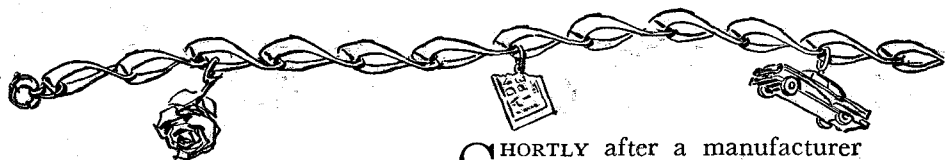
PHOTO CREDITS: Cover Leo Aarons; 6 Universal-International; 8 MGM; 14, 16 Bob Towers from Black Star; 18 left CBS, right NBC, except right bottom Faye Emerson CBS; 35 Wide World; 37 St. Petersburg Times; 69-78 Ormond Gigli from Rapho-Guillumette, except, 70 top left, 72 top left French Govt. Travel Bureau, 74 top right Austrian State Tourist, 77 top left British Travel Association, 78 top right Italian State Tourist; 83 CBS; 87 Max Tharpe from Monkmeyer; 88 Ewing Galloway; 89 Georgia Dept. of Commerce; 91 Florida State Development Bureau; 101, 102, 105 Wide World; 106-7 Morris Rosenfeld; 108 Bernard Silberstein from Rapho-Guillumette; 109 Elizabeth Hibbs; 110 Standard Oil (N.J.); 111 Ewing Galloway; 112 Charles Krausse from FPG; 113 Jerry Cooke from PIX; 117-125 Carl Bakal; 127 Tana Hoban from Rapho-Guillumette; 135 CBS; 137 The Bettman Archives; 138 The New York Public Library.

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State of the City

TRAVELING AROUND the U.S., radio star Mike Wallace noticed that in most states the capital is not the largest city, population-wise. Now settled in New York as host of "Weekday," (NBC Radio, Mondays through Fridays, 10 A.M. to 3:30 P.M. EST), Mike devised this quiz game. Rate the states in the blanks provided by scoring 25 for the city you believe to be the largest; 10 for the capital; and 5 for the city which is neither. Rate them right and bat 1,000! (Answers on page 154.)

1. California: Los Angeles____Sacramento____San Francisco____
2. Kansas: Kansas City____Topeka____Wichita____
3. Kentucky: Frankfort____Lexington____Louisville____
4. Louisiana: Baton Rouge____New Orleans____Shreveport____
5. Maine: Augusta____Bangor____Portland____
6. Minnesota: Duluth____Minneapolis____St. Paul____
7. Missouri: Jefferson City____Kansas City____St. Louis____
8. Montana: Butte____Great Falls____Helena____
9. Nebraska: Grand Island____Lincoln____Omaha____
10. Nevada: Carson City____Las Vegas____Reno____
11. New Hampshire: Concord____Manchester____Portsmouth____
12. New Jersey: Jersey City____Newark____Trenton____
13. New Mexico: Albuquerque____Carlsbad____Santa Fe____
14. New York: Albany____Buffalo____New York____
15. North Carolina: Charlotte____Winston-Salem____Raleigh____
16. North Dakota: Bismarck____Fargo____Grand Forks____
17. Ohio: Cincinnati____Cleveland____Columbus____
18. Oregon: Eugene____Portland____Salem____
19. Pennsylvania: Harrisburg____Philadelphia____Pittsburgh____
20. South Dakota: Pierre____Rapid City____Sioux Falls____
21. Tennessee: Chattanooga____Memphis____Nashville____
22. Texas: Austin____Dallas____Houston____
23. Vermont: Burlington____Montpelier____Rutland____
24. Washington: Olympia____Seattle____Spokane____
25. West Virginia: Charleston____Huntington____Wheeling____



AN INDUSTRY OF CHARMS

by MORT WEISINGER

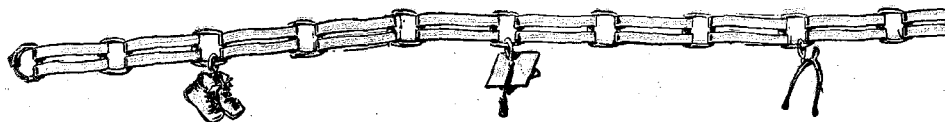
TEEN-AGERS WEAR THEM,
SHOP GIRLS AND DEBUTANTES WEAR
THEM, EVEN MAMIE
EISENHOWER WEARS THEM—
AND THESE BAUBLES CAN
RANGE IN PRICE FROM
PENNIES TO THOUSANDS

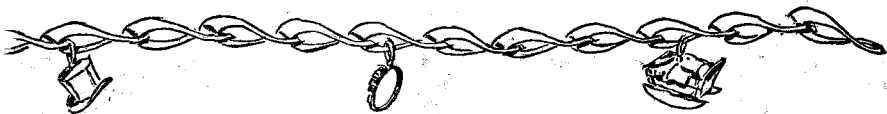
SHORTLY after a manufacturer of costume jewelry first heard Bing Crosby sing "Pennies from Heaven" over the radio, he got the idea of a bracelet dripping freshly minted pennies. Promptly put on the market, it became an overnight craze.

Since then, manufacturing the Lilliputian gimcracks that make milady's wrists jingle, rattle, gleam or sparkle has become a multi-million dollar business. America's dime stores sell an astronomical number of the glittering eye-catchers. Tiffany & Co., most famous jewelry mart in the world, offers its customers a selection of 4,000 different items. Its prices begin at \$5 for a simple golden heart and go up to \$550 for a diamond-studded miniature beehive embellished with tiny jade bees.

There are charms for the sightless, inscribed with Braille dots; and charms that glow in the dark. In Hollywood, a pet shop sells canine charms to be attached to dog collars. At one time or another, the charm-makers have fashioned a miniature of every famous structure in the world, from the Sphinx to the U.N. Building.

Once, charm bracelets were considered "junk jewelry," but not today. When the Gilbert Youth Re-





search organization polled several thousand co-eds in some 20 universities as to their tastes in jewelry recently, more than 90 per cent expressed preference for charm bracelets.

At the Opera in New York not long ago, the wife of an automobile manufacturer was seen wearing a bracelet equipped with platinum replicas of her husband's latest motor models. The tiny cars were studded with diamonds to simulate headlights and rubies to represent tail-lights. Ambassador Clare Luce treasures a charm bracelet bedecked with Roman landmarks, a gift from the people of Italy.

Mamie Eisenhower wears one with 21 charms, each representing a historic milestone in the life of the President. One is his book, "Crusade in Europe," another a golden plate symbolic of the Augusta National Golf Club, and the biographical "tour" ends with a solid gold miniature key to the executive mansion.

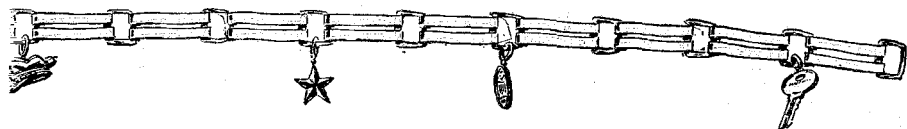
Mrs. Eisenhower's bracelet was created for her by Marchal Jewelers, a New York firm that specializes in designing charms for the world's VIPs. Their Fifth Avenue shop devised a bracelet with authentic three-dimensional gold miniatures of her numerous theatrical

awards for actress Shirley Booth; and a gold replica of the ticket stub Mrs. Lloyd Nolan clutched nervously while watching her husband the night "Caine Mutiny Court Martial" opened. Whenever one popular singer's Tin Pan Alley friends have a hit song, she has them send the composer a tiny gold record engraved with the title of the tune.

Johnston Jewelers, Ltd., in the arcade of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, grossed \$250,000 in the past year and a half from its charm department alone. Not long ago, one of their bracelets, trimmed with real gold U.S. coins, mint-fresh, was presented to the Queen of Greece. A \$20 gold piece for this "Add-a-Coin" bracelet, mounted in a diamond-studded golden frame, costs \$950.

Custom-made charms are the exception rather than the rule, however. Most of those on display in stores are stock items that keep some 135 manufacturing companies busy 52 weeks a year.

Each firm more or less specializes in a different line. Walter Lampl of New York, for instance, does a brisk volume in photo charm lockets, enameled letters and flowers of the month. Kull Treasure House of Norwalk, Connecticut, specializes in gaming and religious



charms; the J. M. Fisher Company of Attleboro, Massachusetts, in sport charms. Trifari, Krussman and Fishel of New York concentrates on colored rhinestone animals; Sloan and Company on flag charms.

Aetna Creations, Inc., of New York, features musical miniatures from African bongo drums to harps. For the rock 'n' roll addict there is a trumpet with key valves that press, a trombone that slides and a one-inch harmonica that actually plays. Most fascinating is a miniscule music box; crank the handle and it tinkles out a tune.

No matter what, the industry can provide you with a 14-carat symbol of your trade—scales for the butcher, a whistle for the cop, a gas pump for the garage man. A jewelry store in Las Vegas features “charms of chance” with which a gentleman gambler can convert his watch chain into a portable casino.

Each Wednesday night on his TV program, “This Is Your Life,” Ralph Edwards presents a bracelet of charms symbolizing highlights in the career of the celebrity profiled on the show. For Fran Allison there was a tiny stage with curtains, a replica of the stage used on her Kukla, Fran and Ollie show.

TODAY's charm bracelet is the modern counterpart of the ancient amulet which, since antiquity, people have worn to acquire luck, or protect themselves from danger. Amulets of colored stones were worn by the Mongols as a safeguard against lightning, for example; and the ancient Chinese believed that one made of peach pits was a

powerful agent against evil spirits.

Practically every race on earth has succumbed to the spell of the amulet. The Mayas used golden frogs arranged singly or in groups, images of lizards, crocodiles, crabs, eagles and parrots, each provided with a ring for suspension on a cord or chain. The Celts wore bracelets bearing the figures of the horse, bull, and models of a wild boar's tooth. The Iroquois Indians carried miniature canoes as a protection against drowning.

Twentieth-century man is just as superstitious, it seems, for the charm industry does a terrific business in golden horseshoes, rabbits' feet, four-leaf clovers, wishbones, wishing wells and other anti-trouble talismans.

Apropos of this, one jeweler likes to tell about the customer who ordered a watch chain composed of *bad-luck* charms—a black cat made of onyx, a broken mirror, a step-ladder, a golden salt shaker that spilled salt, etc. He explained that he was an ethnology professor and wished to demonstrate to his students that superstition was the bunk by wearing these tokens of misfortune.

Three months later, the professor dropped in to report that his experiment was working fine. Not only had no disaster befallen him, but he had since inherited a six-figure legacy from a distant relative. The jeweler helped him commemorate this by designing a tiny gold calendar with a diamond marking the date, Friday the thirteenth.

Clever, unusual items are always

in demand. The musical hit "Oklahoma!" boosted sales of little sur-reys with fringe on top, and "Carousel" a flood of miniature merry-go-rounds. Immediately after Munich, there was a vogue for charms shaped like Chamberlain's umbrella. A perennial best-seller is the miniature golden bank in which a woman can keep a folded \$10 bill for "mad money."

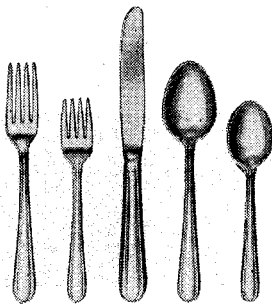
Of late, the trend in charms has been toward items which serve their wearers functionally as well as symbolically. Abercrombie & Fitch Co. of New York reports that yachtsmen go for a tiny gold compass which actually works.

Already on the boards for tomorrow's bracelets are such projects as tiny walkie-talkie sets, thimble-sized radio receivers, miniature Geiger counters and jet rockets which release vapor trails.

Occasionally, the charm customer's whim is pretty weird. One jeweler reports that the secretary for an Oriental ruler handed him a photograph of the potentate and requested 56 golden images of his highness.

"Great Scott!" said the jeweler. "He'll never be able to wear them all on one bracelet!"

"Of course not," said the secretary. "They're for his 56 wives."



These beautiful American Fashion place settings, crafted in steel by The International Silver Company, can be yours at no cost! On receiving your first setting you'll delight in its sculpture, weight and lustrous finish that requires no special care.

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They Tattle

by JOHN TOLAND

A PAUNCHY, middle-aged man wearing an expensive gabardine suit stepped into a Manhattan phone booth recently and calmly dialed a number. He looked like any ordinary businessman from the nearby diamond district.

"Mr. Duncan?" he said; then: "here's one coming in at International today. It's a young student and he's carrying a *very* big parcel. He weighs 140 pounds, has dark brown hair, and a German accent."

There was a pause as the man listened impatiently. "Of course, I know what I'm talking about. Don't you recognize my voice? This is Peter Pan."

The paunchy man calling himself "Peter Pan" hung up, looking pleased with himself—and with good reason. His phone call would probably make him a small fortune. For he is a member of one of the most bizarre professions in the world—a customs informer.

The recipient of the call was Thomas G. Duncan, Customs Agent in charge of the Special Customs Racket Squad in New York. Duncan immediately alerted not only customs agents at International Airport but at other U.S. and Canadian ports.

Later in the day, when a smallish intellectual-looking young man stepped off an Air France plane, agents politely but thoroughly "dumped" him. This careful inspection paid off. For contraband diamonds worth \$105,000 were found in the student's shoes.

"Nevertheless, I don't think we've got it all," Duncan told his boss, J. H. Page, Supervising Customs Agent. "According to Peter Pan, he was carrying a very big parcel. And Peter is always right."

The courier was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital for observation. Two days went by, then Duncan phoned Page from the hospital: "Our man just came through for Uncle Sam."

A cache of diamonds valued at nearly \$200,000 had been ingeniously hidden in the smuggler's body.

— for Pay

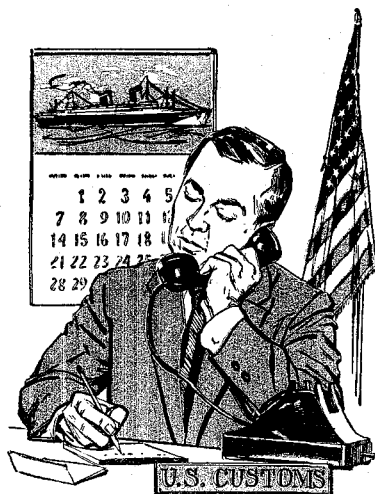
In the nether world of smuggling, men called "Peter Pan" and "Joe Blow" net fortunes by a phone call

Several months later, Duncan met the informer in a downtown bank and handed him a check made out to "Peter Pan." It was for \$50,000. Then he escorted the informer to a teller's window, identified him as Peter Pan and the check was cashed without question.

Peter is only one of the many informants enjoying the high awards handed out by our Customs Bureau. "We have one who calls himself Joe Blow," Duncan says. "And we have a John Paul Jones and a Moisha Pippick—that means Moses' gizzard." Many use such aliases, though revealing an informer's actual name is a violation of law and any customs agent who does so, even in carelessness, will have the book thrown at him.

Most of them have other occupations, either as a blind or a means of getting tips. They come from every walk of life. They are businessmen, chauffeurs, society women, gamblers, teachers, Skid Row bums. Some live on the fringe of the law, others are honored civic leaders.

More than one personal maid has



earned a tidy sum by telling a customs agent her mistress was smuggling diamonds in a cold cream jar.

Such tipsters receive 25 per cent of the value realized by the government from any seized contraband. This award can't exceed \$50,000 on any one seizure. The informer also gets 25 per cent of all fines paid; and, if the smuggler juries his bail, one-quarter of the forfeited bond.

Peter Pan has already collected \$125,000 in awards in the few years he's plied his strange trade. A respected diamond merchant, he got into the profession by accident.

About four years ago a business associate from Belgium told him there were rumors in Antwerp about a parcel of diamonds to be smuggled into the U.S. by a middle-aged immigrant woman. Peter was indignant, for contraband diamonds knock the bottom out of the legitimate trade. He also felt a good

citizen shouldn't let his government be cheated out of its lawful ten per cent tariff.

He phoned his information to Agent Duncan, using the whimsical alias of "Peter Pan." He refused to come to the Customs Office, fearing he might bump into some acquaintance in the diamond business. Instead, he met Duncan in the basement of the main Public Library to give more details.

Displaced women were carefully examined at all ports. Several weeks later, a middle-aged woman with two inexpensive suitcases was put through the rigid inspection mill. Her shoes looked suspicious. The soles were ripped off and \$250,000 in diamonds tumbled out.

Peter Pan received the full reward of \$50,000 for this little piece of gossip and decided to keep his ears open for more bits of valuable information. For months, he haunted the cafés frequented by diamond dealers, asked discreet questions, followed up leads.

Eventually, through his amateur detective work, he learned that a man flying in from Israel would be carrying contraband. Following Peter Pan's tip, the suspect was caught with diamonds worth \$100,000. Peter's cut was \$25,000.

A year and a half later came the case involving the young student, and another full award is pending based on information Peter supplied over two years ago.

At that time he phoned Duncan: "Crew members of some airline are bringing in diamonds."

After months of investigation, T-men were pretty sure it was the

Belgian Airlines. During an interview of its employees, a crew member revealed that he had been approached by a man who offered him \$250 to smuggle a parcel to New York. The crewman had refused.

Curiously, on the same day this information came through, Peter Pan called Duncan to tell him excitedly that he was now sure the carrier was a Belgian Airlines' pilot.

The suspected pilot was shadowed for three months. Then, late one night as he was about to ring the bell of an apartment in the Bronx, a customs agent rapped him on the shoulder.

"What've you got in your pocket?" asked the agent, flashing his badge.

The pilot took out a tiny parcel. "Diamonds," he said.

The contents later were appraised at \$233,230.

NARCOTICS INFORMERS do not fit into the general run of informants. Some are public-minded citizens feeling a moral obligation to stop trafficking in drugs; others are addicts whose main motive is revenge; but the great majority are carriers or pushers of narcotics who have been picked up by customs agents and inform in the hope of lighter sentences.

Pangs of conscience turned one narcotics carrier into an informer. He was Lars, a 17-year-old seaman on a Norwegian freighter. When his ship was in Hong Kong, early in 1955, a Chinese tailor offered him \$1,200 to smuggle two kilograms of heroin to California. Lars needed



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money badly and was talked into the deal.

The tailor gave Lars a paper which was torn in half. Lars was to deliver the heroin to a distributor in San Francisco who would produce the other half of the paper as identification.

But as soon as his ship left Hong Kong, Lars' conscience began devilling him. When he reached Singapore, Lars wrote a Norwegian minister in New York City asking for help. This clergyman went to the FBI and eventually wound up in Supervising Agent Page's office where assurance was given that the young man wouldn't be prosecuted if he helped catch the higher-ups.

Immediately, a message signed by the minister was sent to Lars on the high seas. "Everything okay," it read. "Give it to the captain."

In San Francisco, a customs agent posing as a shipmate, accompanied Lars to the address supplied by the Chinese tailor and after several days of Sax Rohmer intrigue, a withered old Chinese showed up with the other half of the paper, according to the plan.

Then Lars handed over a package containing a white powder, actually sugar of milk. The Chinese examined it hurriedly and left. The disguised agent let the big-time distributor get to the street and then arrested him.

Lars was awarded \$1,000 for the two kilograms of heroin. (Since this drug is legally worthless in this country, the Bureau pays a flat \$500 per kilo.)

Being a customs informant obviously pays well. Even so, customs officials feel there are still many people who have vital information and do not turn it in because of the natural American abhorrence of being an informer.

"What these people don't realize," says Supervising Agent Page, "is that the whole system of law enforcement in this country is based on informers. Police depend on them; so does the FBI. Even the Income Tax Bureau gives a bounty. We'd all have a rough time without the informer. But I'd be a lot happier," he adds regretfully, "if someone could think up a nicer-sounding name."



State of the City

(Answers to quiz on page 145)

1. California 25 10 5;
2. Kansas 5 10 25;
3. Kentucky 10 5 25;
4. Louisiana 10 25 5;
5. Maine 10 5 25;
6. Minnesota 5 25 10;
7. Missouri 10 5 25;
8. Montana 5 25 10;
9. Nebraska 5 10 25;
10. Nevada 10 5 25;
11. New Hampshire 10 25 5;
12. New Jersey 5 25 10;
13. New Mexico 25 5 10;
14. New York 10 5 25;
15. North Carolina 25 5 10;
16. North Dakota 10 25 5;
17. Ohio 5 25 10;
18. Oregon 5 25 10;
19. Pennsylvania 10 25 5;
20. South Dakota 10 5 25;
21. Tennessee 5 25 10;
22. Texas 10 5 25;
23. Vermont 25 10 5;
24. Washington 10 25 5;
25. West Virginia 10 25 5.

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APRIL, 1956

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— *sponsored by Mutual Of Omaha*

6:50 pm EST

"ALL STAR SPORTS TIME"

with HARRY WISMER and the
scores, highlights and color
of all the day's big games
— *sponsored by General Tire*

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Coronet invites its readers to shop comfortably and profitably in the columns below. Each month you will find here offerings of products, services, educational and sales opportunities that may be of interest and value to you.



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(Continued on next page)

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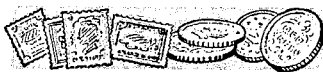
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(Continued on next page)

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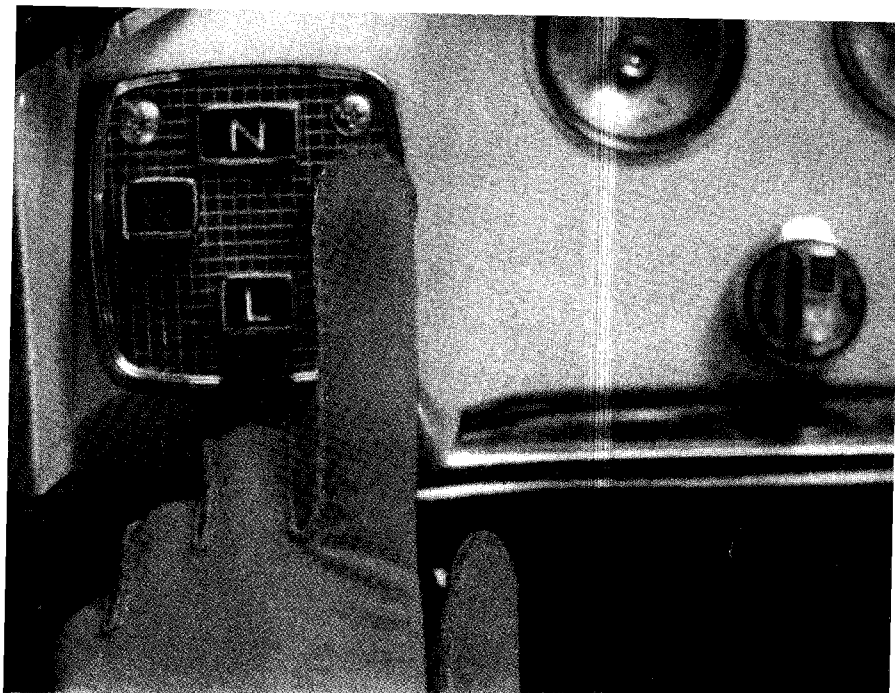
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